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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

For many reasons Washington Irving must long remain an interesting figure in the history of American literature. His life spanned the whole period between the war of independence and the war for the suppression of rebellion; for he was born in 1783, the year when peace with Great Britain was concluded, and he died in November, 1859. He had thus witnessed the birth and the whole development of American literature during the ante-bellum period, and he might truthfully claim, if a man so gentle and modest can be conceived of as claiming anything, to have been the first to gain for it recognition in the older world. As models of sweet and admirable English, many of his writings have become classics in England itself, and he preceded Prescott and Motley in disclosing how rich a field of romantic history and historical romance lay unexplored in the spacious annals of the Castilian monarchy. We add that while, like Longfellow, he was not seldom attracted to themes steeped in the charm of the past, he also, again like Longfellow, devoted no small part of his life to the portrayal of social and political conditions peculiar to his native country. He, who at the age of twenty-six had made himself widely known as a genial yet incisive humorist by "Knickerbocker's History of New York," was to close his literary career with a patriotic, high-minded attempt to check the fires of sectional antipathy by an appeal to the memory of Washington.

To account for the singular purity of Washington Irving's English, uniquely free as it is from any trace of Americanisms, we must glance at the circumstances of his birth and nurture. Both of his parents were recent immigrants from Great Britain, his father being the descendant of a distinguished Scottish house, and his mother an English woman of good family. The elder Irving became an importing merchant in New York, and presently established a business which, for upward of thirty years, seemed to offer a guaranty of affluence to himself and to his sons. The boy, Washington, was intended for the law, but his studies were interrupted by a severe illness, for which a voyage to Europe was recommended, and in the course of a somewhat protracted sojourn on the Continent he made the acquaintance of Washington Allston and of other men of letters, in whose society he undoubtedly contracted that taste for literary work which was to dominate his life. He was eventually called to the bar; but, as his circumstances did not compel him to practice his profession for a living, he gave most of his time to experiments in

writing, finally publishing, in conjunction with his brother and J. K. Paulding, a miscellany called "Salmagundi" which had considerable local success. Even his first compositions were, as regards purity of diction, those less of an American than of an Englishman, and this we should undoubtedly ascribe to the fact that, as a child and as a youth, he had heard nothing but correct, idiomatic English spoken in his home. It was not, however, until the appearance of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in which he gave to literature a new type, the Dutch burgher of New Amsterdam, that his countrymen, and Englishmen as well, became fully alive to Irving's admirable qualities and foresaw that he would ultimately deserve a place among English humorists by the side of Steele and Goldsmith. As it turned out, he was destined to live by his pen, for his father's firm, like most other American mercantile houses, was roughly shaken by the embargo and the War of 1812, and, indeed, eventually collapsed, so that in England, whither Irving had gone in 1815, he soon found himself entirely dependent on his own exertions. His long residence in England, however, was to bring him happiness and prosperity. The men of letters in the British Isles were at the time divided in two bitterly hostile camps, respectively represented by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*; but from their quarrels he held himself aloof, and they all learned to like the young American who could write beautiful English, and they soon gave him a prestige which proved of solid, commercial value. Thenceforward, until his return to the United States in 1832, and indeed for many years thereafter, his books were published simultaneously in London and in New York; and the larger part of his income seems to have been derived from the older country. Exclusively English in subject was his novel "Bracebridge Hall," which came out in 1822; an additional evidence of the fidelity with which he could reproduce the texture and spirit of English life was furnished by the description of an English Christmas in "Geoffrey Hamlyn's Sketch Book," a collection of papers rendered still more memorable by the story of "Rip Van Winkle." The publication of "Tales of a Traveler" in 1824 placed Irving on such a comfortable footing that he was able to make a second tour of the Continent, after which he settled at Madrid and entered upon those studies in Spanish and Moorish history which were to have such a picturesque and delightful outcome. The first product of his independent researches in the archives of Madrid and the Escorial was the "Life of Columbus," which brought him both esteem and money, for it is a narrative fraught from the first line to the last with the characteristic grace of Irving's manner, and although now superseded in some of its details by the conclusions of later scholars, it remains upon the whole the best biography of the great discoverer. This work was naturally followed by "The Companions of Columbus"; and then, after a residence in Andalusia had qualified the author for the task, came the two books, which of all Irving's compositions were and have continued to be the most popular; namely, "The Conquest of Granada," and "Tales of the Alhambra." In this province of Hispano-Morisco legend he was, as we have said, for the whole English-speaking world, a pioneer; for, although as early as 1824 George Ticknor had delivered lectures on Spanish literature, the fascinating history of the Moorish period had been as yet revealed by no competent man of letters, and it was not until 1837 that Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" was to see the light.

Between 1832 and 1842 Irving remained in his own country. It was at this period that he made for himself the charming retreat on the Hudson to which he gave the name of Sunnyside, but he by no means confined himself to urban and suburban life. He made himself familiar with the forests and plains of the frontier by extensive travels in what was then the far West, travels which subsequently bore fruit in the story of adventure, "Captain Bonneville," and in an interesting account of the American fur-trading colony established in Oregon, which was to play no inconsiderable part in the Northwest boundary controversy. We do not mean to imply, of course, that Irving personally visited Astoria, but he had made himself thoroughly conversant with the analogous aims, methods and mode of life of the fur-traders on this side of the Rockies. The

position occupied by Washington Irving at that time in the eyes of his countrymen was one to which there has been no exact parallel, and one which it is difficult for us even to understand. In spite of the bluster and bravado of which such unpleasant record was made by Trollope and by Dickens, all Americans then were at heart profoundly in awe of England; for her opinion they cared more than for that of all the world besides, and the translation of Cooper's novels into every European tongue made but a faint impression on their minds compared with the fact that Washington Irving had been made a D.C.L. at Oxford, had for years been caressed and courted in London drawing-rooms, and had been treated with respect and deference by the English world of letters. He had thereby flattered his countrymen where they were most open to adulation, and intensely pleased them in the very point where they were most susceptible of pleasure. He had touched the national fibre, in a word. So it came to pass that, when in 1842 the President—or, we should rather say, the Secretary of State—bethinking himself that Mr. Irving during part of his stay in London had served as secretary of legation, appointed him Minister to Madrid, there was an outburst of applause from all parts of the Republic. This was not the first nor was it, of course, to be the last instance in American history of the bestowal of a high diplomatic post on a man of literary distinction. Joel Barlow, the author of the long-forgotten epic, "The Columbiad," was in his time made Minister to France, but he had all his life been more or less associated with public affairs, and had been a commercial agent and a consul. Irving's old friend, J. K. Paulding, had just filled the place of Secretary of the Navy in Van Buren's Administration, but Paulding was not only a writer of some cleverness, but also a professional politician, who had held minor political offices for many years. In Irving's case, it was the man of letters, pure and simple, who was honored, and but for the precedent then set we should scarcely have seen George Bancroft made Secretary of the Navy and Minister to Germany, or Motley become Minister to Austria and Minister to England; neither would Marsh for many years have represented us at the capital of Italy, nor Lowell have been sent to Madrid, and afterwards to the Court of St. James's. It is certain that no other American author has left behind him in the land, where he discharged diplomatic functions, such ineradicable memories. In Madrid and all over Spain the name of Irving is cherished to this day, and in the city of Boabdil, beneath the walls of the Alhambra, or amid the bowers of the Generalife, it is a household word.

It was not until 1848, or two years after his return to his native country, that Irving brought out his "Life of Goldsmith," an exquisite treatment of a theme which must have been peculiarly congenial, for if there is a writer of English prose of whom we are reminded with especial vividness by Irving, it is, of course, the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." The influence of Irving's residence in Spain and of his lively interest in the epoch of Moslem rule in the peninsula, may undoubtedly be traced in his "Lives of Mahomet and His Successors," which was his penultimate production. Like the "Life of Columbus," this biography is executed from the literary rather than from the scientific point of view, but it may not have a briefer life on that account; for, although it needs to be supplemented with the researches of Arabic scholars, the general conception of the Prophet, his environments, and his achievements, seems likely to be durable. Irving's last book, the "Life of Washington," written when he was nearly seventy years of age, was inspired, as we have said, with an exemplary purpose, but was the least successful of his longer works; there are in it some deficiencies of substance, and the style lacks its wonted elasticity, as if the author's hand was tired.

It used to be the fashion among Englishmen to describe Washington Irving as an American only by accident, and it is true, as we have said, that his parents had immigrated to this country but a short time before his birth. It is also true that, like Longfellow, he desired earnestly—we might say passionately, if anything like passion were not alien to Irving's equable nature—to write English which no Englishman could cavil at, and he had no wish to share Lowell's excursions into dialect. Nor can it be denied that he was a loving and un-

remitting student of the masters of English prose, so far as this has been a medium, not of controversy, but of narrative, description, and temperate, well-bred discussion; such masters, namely, as Jeremy Taylor, Dryden, Steele, Addison, Fielding, Sterne and Goldsmith, the great manipulators, it will be noticed, of the Anglo-Saxon element of our composite tongue; there is but little evidence in Irving's diction of fond familiarity with the Latinized prose writings of Milton or of Dr. Johnson. Among those who were by preference his teachers, something of each may be detectable, but what we see has been assimilated, and not consciously reproduced. So far, in fine, as style is concerned, he reminds us most of Goldsmith, as has been often pointed out; but the resemblance has been pressed too far. The same innate sweetness of disposition begot in both men an attitude of urbane tolerance, not to say indulgence; they both wrote like gentlemen, but of the two, Irving was the more fastidious. He wrote, besides, from a head much better stored; he knew far more of books and men, and, by the breadth of his philosophy and the catholicity of his sympathies, he had a better title to be called "A Citizen of the World."

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BEFORE the Presidential campaign becomes too much a thing of the past to be remembered, it may be well to fix in the mind the fact that these political struggles once in four years have one special educational value, which is that many voters are compelled to learn something about the population, resources, interests and feelings of the great mass of people outside the learners' own States and smaller subdivisions of the country. This nation is so large geographically, and is growing so rapidly in many unexpected ways, that only an industrious man with an omnivorous appetite for statistics can keep informed about it. For instance, it is only during a national election, when States are reckoned according to their electoral votes, which are based practically on proportionate population, that the average citizen is reminded that California, with its enormous area, resources and possibilities, is no more populous, and probably no richer, than little New Jersey. This is not in the least to the discredit of California, which did not come into active existence until New Jersey was two centuries old, with great, rich New York for next-door neighbor to help her along; nevertheless the fact has been so surprising that thousands of bets have been lost on it by men who thought themselves staking their money on a sure thing. Another surprising discovery of the multitude has been that Minnesota, one of the most bustling and prosperous of the Western States, has fewer people than North Carolina, a prosperous State which, nevertheless, is the quietest in the Union. Similar comparisons might be made at great length, but these two may remind many readers of how much they have to learn before they can talk intelligently about their country at large.

In a Presidential campaign year it is impossible for any one to be elected whom some millions of other Americans have not insisted would send the country at once to the dogs. This year, however, business prospects have improved so suddenly and greatly that it would take more bad politicians than any nation ever owned to send this country dogward. For more than a month wheat and cotton, our principal articles of export, and those on which we most depend to preserve "the balance of trade," have been going up in price with delightful persistency, the planters and farmers, who comprise about half the male population of the country, are collectively to be several hundred millions of dollars richer than a few weeks ago they expected to be, merchants throughout the entire land are about twice as sure of collecting their bills as they were, and, as a consequence, money will be much easier to obtain by the hundreds of thousands who have been helpless for months despite the good security they had to offer for loans. Until recently the principal large crop of the farming community has been of "the blues"—a crop on which no one could realize a cent. It is worthy of remark, too, that the sale of American manufactured goods abroad has been much larger this year than in any of the last few years; this of itself is assurance that there will be less heard and threatened of the shutting-down of mills because of overproduction. Although we are not yet entirely out of

the woods, the above-cited facts are worth storing up for use on Thanksgiving Day.

If the "Puritan," our next war vessel to go into commission, were a man she would be old enough to vote; for her keel was laid twenty-one years ago—years before the first vessels of our "White Squadron" were devised. She has gone through as many changes as the proverbial mind of woman, and for about the same reason; for there appeared to be no end to the better things that might be done in the course of her making-up. She was the first armored double turret "monitor" planned, but after her hull was nearly completed there were doubts in naval circles as to whether two turrets might not be too much of a good thing. A few years later, when she was ready to be armored and armed, there was no "plant" in the United States that could make the necessary armor-plates, nor were there any 12-inch rifled guns for her turrets. At last, however, she is ready for service, and although "only a monitor," she is the biggest vessel of her class in the world; there is not a European navy but would be glad to take her off of our hands at her cost price, nor is there a foreign battleship, no matter how powerful, that would like to get in range of her guns when these chance to be intent on business. It is to be regretted that about three-quarters of the taxpayers who helped pay for her, and who are joint owners of her, live too far from the seacoast to ever see this superb guardian of the marine gateways of the Republic.

It is to be hoped that some hundreds of clever writers will soon give "the bicycle girl" a rest and let the bicycle woman have her innings; for to people who wish well to their race there are few spectacles more pleasing than that of the American housewife taking a little outing on a wheel. Thousands of such women, ranging from brides to great-grandmothers, may now be seen a-wheel, and what they say of their new diversion would make matchless bicycle advertisements, could it be printed just as it is told. The wheel deserves to be called the poor woman's carriage, for the installment plan of sale makes it possible for almost any woman to buy. As to the results, the physical exertion of wheeling is far less than that of walking, the speed is at least twice as great, and the beneficial effect upon health and spirits is quickly perceived by any one who is not entirely blind. Putting women a-wheel has caused thousands of middle-aged couples to renew their honeymoon manners—manners which are quite as appropriate and graceful twenty years after marriage as twenty days after. If bicycling continues to increase in popularity, as it seems certain to do, it must rank with the most beneficent social influences of the period, and apparently worn-out people whom the wheel has enabled to regain their youth will wonder how their ancestors existed at all in the days when there were no bicycles.

Akin to the bicycle, and quite sure to come largely into use within a year or two, is the horseless carriage, which already is in practical use in many European cities; indeed, there are some of them already in the United States, and for the last year an Ohio physician has used one for all his professional calls in a rural district where there are many hills and the roads are none too good. The horseless carriages, compared with the bicycle, have the disadvantage of being too large to keep in the hallway of a residence when they are not in use. Neither are they incentives to physical exercise; for the motive power is either electricity or some petroleum product. On the other hand, they do away with two prominent drawbacks to carriage-riding for pleasure; one is the cost of keeping a horse, and the other is the feeling of hundreds of thousands of people that the horse is the most dangerous animal on the face of the earth—a feeling which appears to be impervious to reason. The expense of running the horseless carriages does not exceed a cent a mile; of course no oil is burned while the carriage is not in use, whereas the horse's appetite never takes his owner's purse into consideration. The horseless carriage costs several times as much as a bicycle, but it will carry several times as many people; the only reason that it is not already in wide use in this country is that as yet there are no American factories for building it, although several have been projected.

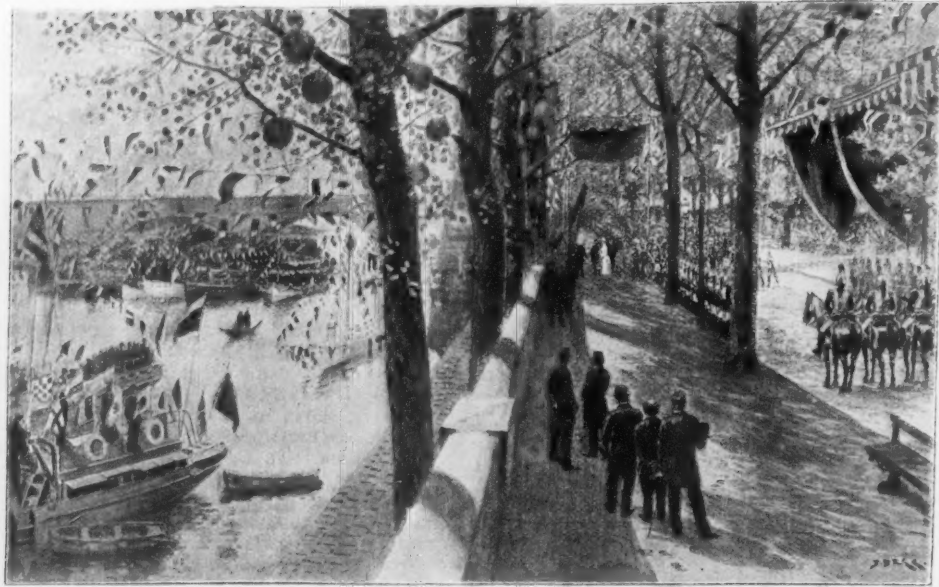
Europe has its faults, but as a dumping-ground for superfluous American products it is

a sunny-faced blessing and one without which we could not get along at all. Our most notable overproduction this year has been of apples; in any former years the greater part of a large apple crop was allowed to rot on the ground, and some good orchards have been cut down because the land was more valuable for other purposes. Recently, however, apple shipments to Europe have increased year by year, and this fall there have already been sent abroad more than half a million barrels. The shipments have literally filled so many steamers as to put shippers of other goods at their wits' end to get cargo-room for cotton, wheat, etc. Another American overproduct which is going abroad is live horses—for the butcher. The American palate has not been educated up to enjoyment of horse-meat, but thousands of tons of it are eaten in France and Germany; as foreign Governments prohibit the importation of horse-meat in packages, it must be sent over alive, and as there are many thousands of American horses, in good condition, which can be bought in the West cheaper than cattle and cannot be sold for working purposes, there is money in shipping them to foreign butchers. The home overstock of horses is attributed to the bicycle and the street-car trolley; but no friend of the horse need mourn, for good horses are about as scarce as good men, so none of the best stock is likely to be sold as food. Still, if horses in general were consulted on the subject, and were observers of their own kind, most of them would rather be killed and eaten than take their chances in the work-a-day world.

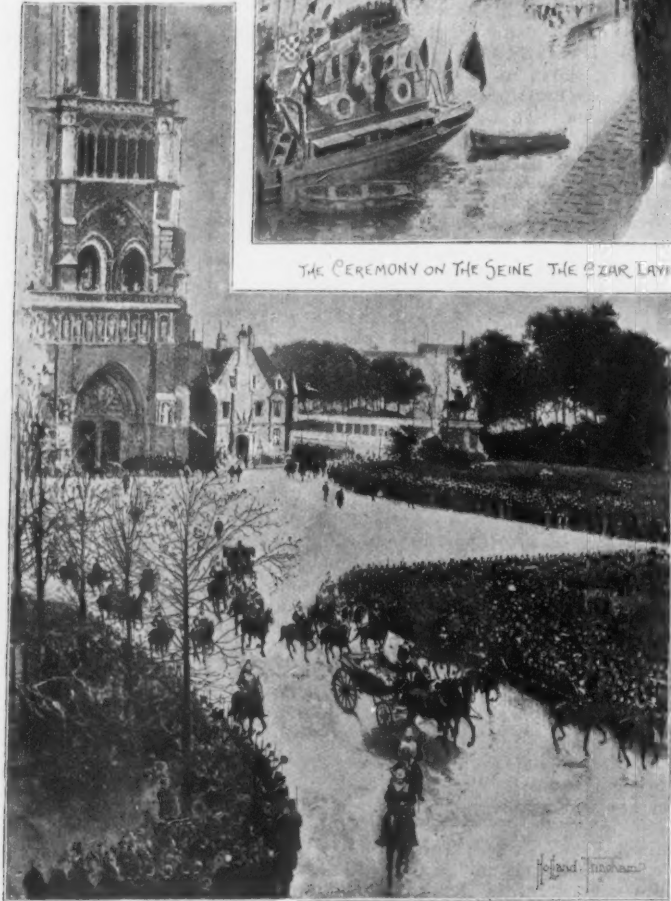
Despite much wild talk and idle show, the mysterious "X-ray" continues to make its way steadily on scientific lines and toward greater usefulness. A few days ago some of the scientific and medical faculty of Michigan University conducted some experiments during which the pulsations of the human heart became distinctly visible. This, as X-ray science is still in its infancy, seems to be an assurance that before long the legion of quacks who live upon the credulity and pockets of humanity will be driven out of existence; for it will be hard to convince a person that some one of his vital organs is in a dangerous condition, after a trustworthy man has examined the said organs with a powerful searchlight and pronounced them all right.

The strife as to which shall be the richest, and therefore presumably the most useful, of American universities, goes merrily on. The largest and most recent of the great gifts to such institutions has gone to the University of California, which is to have four million dollars in cash as soon as the State has put half a million into buildings—a condition which the State will make haste to comply with. A pleasing result of benefactions of this kind is that as they increase the aggregate number of students throughout the country is increasing wonderfully. Time was when there were but two or three colleges in the country where a young man could obtain a university education, and some of them were two or three thousand miles from the homes of the youth who wished to attend them; now about half of the Northern States are fairly supplied with such institutions.

A startling spectacle, which would have been impossible anywhere but in the United States, was afforded recently in New York by a college football game in which one set of players were Indians who had been but a few years out of breech-clouts, if perchance they wore clothing of any kind while on the reservations. The other set was from Yale College; but no one could see that the Indian youths were a bit less determined or more unmannerly than their white competitors; they broke no bones, punched no heads, did no swearing, nor did any of them get drunk after the game ended. Football does not rank among the highest developments of civilization, but to note the appearance and deportment of the Indian team from Carlisle School, and to remember what its members were a few years ago, was about as astonishing to some lookers-on as was an incident at Hampton Normal School seven years since, when an Indian who, as a half-grown boy, had assisted in the extermination of gallant General Custer's command, arose and delivered, before an audience in which national, legal and church dignitaries were largely represented, an eloquent, grammatical and logical address on the duties of the United States to its Indian wards. Still, some men will probably continue to insist that "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."



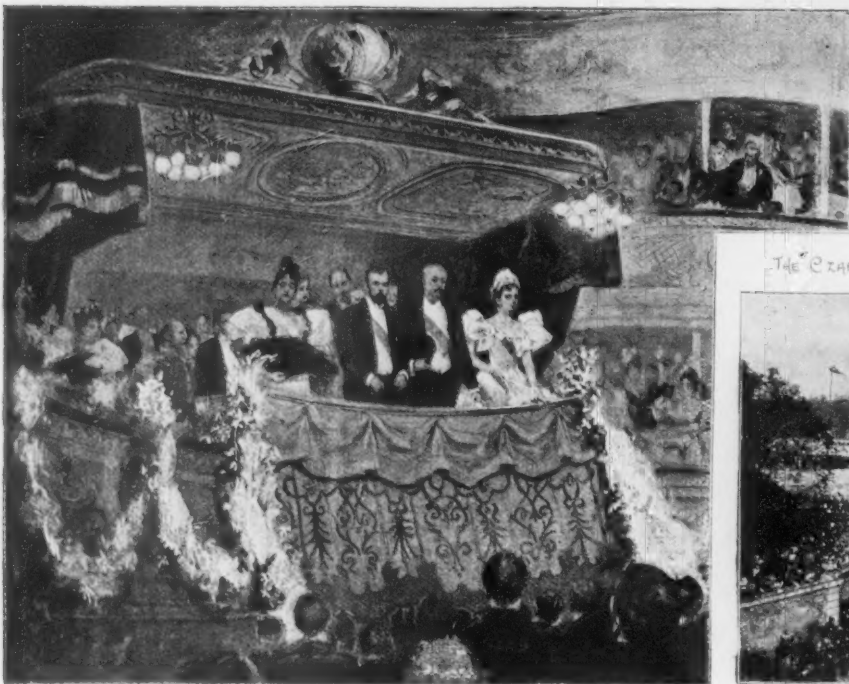
THE CEREMONY ON THE SEINE THE CZAR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE ALEXANDER III BRIDGE



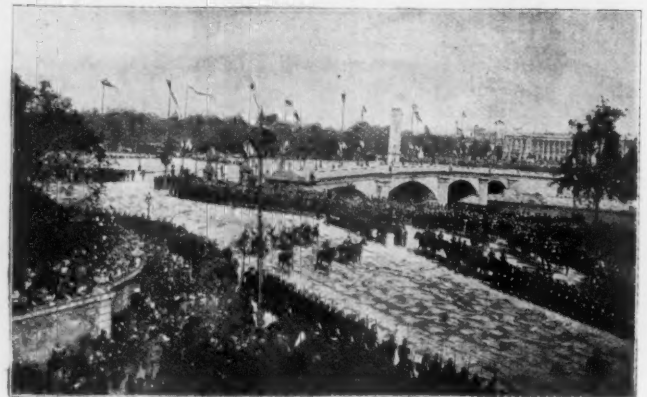
THE IMPERIAL PARTY LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME



THE CZAR AND CZARINA BEFORE THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.



THE CZAR'S PERFORMANCE AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE



THE PROCESSION OVER THE SAND-COVERED WAY TO THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Illustrated London News.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA



COUNTESS GUCKI

MR JAMES LEWIS



DR SYNTAX IN CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL



SER' KITE IN THE RECRUITING OFFICE



MR LEWIS AND MRS GILBERT IN RED LETTER NIGHTS



IN CHARITY



BOTTOM MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM



GUNNOR IN THE SQUIRE



DOLLARS AND SENSE



SIR TOBY BELCH TWELFTH NIGHT

THE LATE JAMES LEWIS IN SOME OF HIS BEST KNOWN CHARACTERS.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE Rev. Dr. Conwell, pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Philadelphia, is about to organize a crusade against the bicycle skirt and bloomers. The one, he declares, is shrinking visibly, and the other must not come. It is his intention to convene a congress of women in which a national and rational bicycle costume shall be adopted. In an address before the Woman's Congress of Philadelphia, at its meeting at Temple College a fortnight ago, he expressed his views at length. The gist of them amounts to this: The bicycle is highly conducive to the physical and mental development of women. Its importance to them is such that every means should be adopted to prevent them from abandoning it before it has become a permanent institution. The danger lies in the costume and conduct of women of inferior character and poor taste whose exhibitions and attitude will prevent the more refined from continuing any further use of the wheel. As a consequence a movement is needed to check this tendency, and a convention of women should be held whereby a general and fitting standard of dress may be adopted.

The alarm which Dr. Conwell expresses seems unnecessary, and I think you will agree with me that his ideas are chimerical.

To begin with, the exhibitions to which he refers are sufficiently infrequent to be exceptional. At night I have found the Boulevard, where bicyclists congregate, a trifle rowdy, now and then, in spots. But so at night are a great many other places which bicyclists do not penetrate. Women of refinement do not bike alone at night any more than they go to the theaters unattended. By day the danger of contamination is as slight as the possibility of catching smallpox. In my excursions by day through Central Park, up the Boulevard and along the Riverside, I have yet to see a single exhibition which a prude could qualify as improper. I have encountered a great many pretty girls, a large number of fair women. They have not all been dressed with superior taste. There have been hats and waists and skirts that swore at each other. But if inartistic in conception they were invariably modest in design. What is still more noteworthy, in a twelvemonth I have not seen twelve bloomers. The bloomer girl, I am inclined to think, exists, as the dude used to, in the imagination of the gentlemen who draw pictures to enliven the melancholy of comic sheets.

But even otherwise the point is elsewhere. Dr. Conwell's idea of getting together a congress of women who shall adopt for themselves and cause others to adopt with them a general standard of dress is well meant no doubt but rubbish. No convention of the class who would attend that congress could do it. However it may be in the rural districts of Philadelphia, the majority of New York women would rather be dead than out of the fashion. Becoming or unbecoming, rational or irrational, fashion they follow. They don't select it for themselves, and no local congress ever has or ever will select it for them. It comes, as the big sleeves came, as the little sleeves are coming, not from Philadelphia but from Paris.

The process is so curious that it is worth consideration. If fashion were invariable dress-makers would go out of business. The oftener it changes the better their trade. Until a comparatively recent date the dictator was Worth. He had an aviary in which he used to study combinations of colors. Being an artist, he had a pencil. On its tip was the history of costume. His imagination was surprising. In taste he never erred. Every season he created a novelty. He would take a princess—during the Empire, Mme. de Metternich; or, during the Republic, an actress—put that novelty on her, and in no time the creation was adopted there, here, everywhere that women dress. It was the last French fashion.

Since his death, and previously for that matter, the dress of the jeune fille has been dictated by Doucet. Over the costume of married women Paquin rules. It was from him big sleeves came.

Sarah Bernhardt recently reappeared in Paris in Dumas' "Dame aux Camelias." For this reproduction Paquin dressed her after the style in vogue during the reign of Louis Philippe, in a scoop bonnet and wide, stiffly starched skirts. Scoop bonnets and wide stiff skirts will be the fashion in Paris this winter and will reach New York next spring. They are hideous, but all our smart women will appear in them and all others will subserviently follow suit.

In lieu, then, of convening a congress Dr. Conwell had better by far endeavor to interest Parisian dressmakers in his views. If he does so, and succeeds with them, a general standard of dress for bicycling will be promulgated and followed which never can be or will be through any other means.

Suppositions being gratuitous, and sometimes instructive, let us suppose that Paris dressmakers, instead of accepting Dr. Conwell's views, pronounce themselves in favor of bloomers. In that case, the moment women had accustomed themselves to them on the wheel, they would accustom us to them on the street, they would wear them as hitherto they have worn the skirt, and an entirely new era would dawn.

The charm of woman is womanliness. The fact that she differs from man is the one constituent of his love. Let her make herself over into a counterfeit resemblance of him and there may be plenty of platonic affection, but there will be precious little else, less misery and by the same token less joy. In succeeding generations young men will look wonderingly at old prints in which women are pictured in mysterious robes and wish they were their own great-grandfathers. They may marvel, too, at a curious fluttering produced within them as they look, and marvel still more when they are told that that fluttering is symptomatic of an obsolete affection of the heart.

With the old prints they will read old poems, and despite that fluttering wonder what love could be.

For love will depart with bloomers as a bird departs with the fall.

The announcement that Mr. James Waterbury has begun life again at the foot of the ladder is typical of American grit—typical, too, of that appetite for success which besets us all.

The determination to abide with failure has its ups and downs. We think we discover within us an inexhaustible stock of patience and resignation. We think we have learned how to weary misfortune out. And then, suddenly, without a monition even, patience and resignation desert us, the heart contracts, everything crumbles, we are in the midst of ruins at which presently we set to work to repair. For is it not true that we are born with a thirst for happiness? In vain it escapes us, we won't listen to its refusals, we count on its return, to our last breath we demand that it shall; we are obstinate, and obstinate with a will o' the wisp! O bêtise humaine.

The literary event of the hour is the appearance here of Paul Verlaine's "Invectives"—posthumous poems which from any other than he would not be noticed at all. It was his earlier verse which made him famous, and that is exquisite. It has in it the headiness of Keats, the sigh of the wind in the long grass, the upper notes of the flute. But this was long ago, when the poet was a boy, when he was haunted by the footfalls and presence of the Muse. One night the Muse disappeared and in place of the poet came a juggler in words. For to Verlaine is due the foundation of that school of verse which a few years ago was called Decadent, but which, from the initiate, received the more esoteric title of Symbolist. From the different manifestoes issued by Vannier, the symbolists' publisher, the public learned two things of which previously it had been ignorant; to wit, that vowels have colors, that a is blue, e yellow, and so forth, that words are prismatic with life, that it is the duty of a poet to group their shadings, and that anything else is simply literature and nothing more. The symbolist who showed himself the most demoniac in his efforts for the advancement of these simplicities Verlaine shot, not in jest, either, but in anger, perhaps in jealousy

too, and went to prison for it like a man—or a felon, if you prefer.

When the prison door reopened the old Verlaine, like the young Muse, had gone. A man issued ready for every cup, for every impression, for every debauch. To the strings of his lyre he added others, black hairs and blonde, even to that nameless chord which in its naive perversity resounded of old through the orgies of the Sabbath. Socrates and Diogenes in one, he rolled hiccupping down the Avernian road, paying with enigmatic sonnets the food which he received from young poets, distilling still a mysterious music from the absinthe offered by his friends, until, through sheer force of absolute Bohemianism, he conquered a place unique, unknown in letters—that of a poet singing and applauded in the charity bed of a hospital.

A few years ago it was my privilege to meet this gentleman. Among those present was a Russian of rank. The latter asked Verlaine to dine at his palace. Verlaine refused. The respectability of the thing was too much for him. But the Russian could not or would not understand. "If he can go to prison," he muttered, "why can't he come to me?"

Talking of poets, the publishers of Owen Meredith's works have, I am glad to announce, produced at last in uniform edition his poems complete. The volume entitled *Marah*—a Hebrew word which, if I am not mistaken, means bitterness—is so little known on this side that it will be doubly welcome. It is well named, too. There is a bitterness in it which is significant. Listen:

"I gave her love; I gave her faith and truth,
I gave her adoration, vassalage,
And tribute of life's best; the dreams of youth,
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age.

"She took my gifts, and turned them into pain,
Each gift she made a bitter curse to be,
Then, marr'd, she gave them back to me again,
And that is all she ever gave to me."

It would be difficult to be more scathing, would it not?

Li Hung Chang gone, we have another Oriental visitor, a great ape, at present stopping, not at the Waldorf, but at the Zoo. Could he talk, or, rather, in talking could he give the history of his race, no fairy tale would equal it.

In the ages before man existed, but when this ape's ancestors did, there were types so strange that when we read of them now they seem as unreal as the creations of Chaldean mythology. There was the Pterodactylus, for instance, a gigantic flying lizard with the head of a bird of prey and the long sharp teeth of a jackal. There was the Rhamphorynchus, which resembled nothing so much as a great frog with the wings of an enormous bat. And there was another bird-like reptile, the Archæpteryx, a winged sphinx, covered with green scales and furnished with the beak of a falcon. And there were stranger things yet. There was the dragon that we first met in our nursery tales and in which we did not much believe, and would not now, for that matter, but for the fossil remains of the Iguanodon, a reptile bigger and more terrible than a wild elephant.

Then, too, there was the Megatherium, a mole as large and as sturdy as a rhinoceros, that burrowed through the under-earth and which existed in South America until a comparatively recent date. There was the Moa, too, that New Zealand bird that was taller than a camel, a brood of which, with wings outstretched, obscured the sky.

All these, and doubtless many others whose fossils are yet unearched, were known to the progenitors of our guest in Central Park, and if he reflects on the subject at all it would be curious to learn what he regards as the most extraordinary—the monsters of the past or that behemoth which we have created, the express train of to-day.

But he says nothing. He sits and broods. It may be that he does not care. Wise ape, could we but imitate your silence.

THE power of pardoning before conviction, excepting in cases of treason and impeachment, is possessed by the President of the United States and the Governors of the States of Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania. In Kansas and the State of Washington the pardoning power, under these circumstances, is vested in the Governor under such regulations as the Legislature may prescribe.

MEN MANNER (AND) MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XV.

I READ, not long ago, a detective story by Dr. Conan Doyle, called "A Study in Scarlet," and at the end asked myself if this was the sort of thing American readers preferred, nowadays, to the careful, sensible, literary, poetic, felicitous, graceful work written by the ablest of their own countryfolk. Had we here a sparkle from that annihilating "English wave" which has overswept us, or was it, I asked myself, a specimen of that wave's profundity? Is this the lesson in novel-writing that England condescends to teach America? "Where," inquire our newspapers, "are there native story-tellers like those which England produces to-day? American authors grumble at being supplanted by them, but let American authors write like them if they can." Ah, scornful and un pitying newspapers, let me answer you that our Sylvanus Cobb and our Leon Lewis are dead, and that the quietus laid upon their inspiration is not our fault. If the Greeks still have their Achilles, we Trojans have no longer our Hector! Can we help it if the author of the "Gun-maker of Moscow" and "Orion the Gold-Beater" is not here to answer with some new splendid creation the towering originality and valuable subtlety of "Sherlock Holmes"? Yes; you are right. On this side of the water we positively cannot manufacture a responsive "Study in Scarlet." Let its redoubtable author pick up his flung-down gauntlet on the point of his invincible spear. We have no literary warrior who can ride forth into the field and defy him. His honors will not be internationally disputed. Let him wear them in unrivaled security.

I can recall but two or three detective stories of the least importance, and those were written by Poe. They showed intellect, and no doubt genius as well. But as a rule the mere detective story is of no literary value whatever. It simply pricks curiosity in the reader, and there its inferior office ends. Take the brilliant character of Count Fosco from Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," and only aimless juvenility remains. With "The Moonstone" it is even worse, for that has no more real vitality than a prize enigma in some current popular journal. And both novels might well have roused remorse in the man who could have conceived so fine and ethical a masterpiece as "The New Magdalen." Detective stories, in truth, are seldom worth the paper on which they are written. "Button, button, who's got the button" is a game quite on a level with them in the way of diversion. And as for Whist and Euchre and even Billiards, which do not vaunt their entertainments as those of literature, they are all infinitely superior agencies for the wasting of time.

Once more the poor, dear old "North American Review" has "changed hands," and we can't help wondering what sort of hands these new ones are. How strange has been the history of this publication! I chance to possess a number of its old bound volumes, two or three dating as far back as 1850, when it was published by "Charles C. Little and James Brown," of Washington Street, Boston. We all know how James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton were each at one time its editors, and how it was purchased (for three thousand dollars, report said) by the late Allen Thorndyke Rice. Formerly it had been for many years the very stronghold of American scholarly thought. Looking over my old volumes I find admirable essays and reviews, all of them well worthy a place in the "Westminster" or "London Quarterly," and all of them modestly unsigned. Such titles as "The Homeric Question," "Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Motley's Dutch Republic," "The Poetry of Wordsworth," keep suggestively meeting the eye. Solid, calm, profound, careful writing everywhere greets you. None of the hectic newspaper sensationalism of the present "North American," which followed the proprietorship of Rice. A man of fashion, of pleasure, Rice sought to "run" this delightful and venerable Review as if it had been a new patent in tooth-washes or lamp-chimneys. The

nimbus of dignity and repose which had clung about it he entirely dispelled. It was like tearing off the vines and mosses from some sweet old homestead and "renovating" it with brand-new shingles and several coats of rather glaring paint. There is no doubt that the new publication became "timely," for timeliness was the one ruling object of the whole endeavor. It was forensic, controversial, aggressive, audacious, anything you please except literary. You needed to spend only ten minutes with it in order to see that salableness was its one despotic purpose. Still, its pages were in a certain way wondrously vivified. Beyond doubt they contained much ephemeral pyrotechnicism, but they also brought to light some of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's most eloquent and strenuous dissertations. In the memorable debate between himself and Mr. Gladstone the latter proved to me wholly incomprehensible; I have never met such muddy thought enswathed in such foggy rhetoric. How he can have won the position he now holds as an English statesman and yet have written that laboriously turgid paper, I cannot fathom. . . . Meanwhile the question now presents itself: What will be the new "policy" of the "North American"? Will it not see one thing—that the only possible grounds on which it can ever hope to succeed are literary grounds? It may not succeed on those, but as a monthly newspaper it is bound to fail. Rice made it a monthly newspaper, and witness the result. Rice's successor, General Lloyd Bryce, has just sold it to Mr. Munro.

While ascending Vesuvius, last winter, I saw the house of Professor Luigi Palmieri, who has just died at the ripe age of eighty-nine. This remarkable man had become literally the meteorologic guardian of beautiful Naples. He had made that his mission in life, and one cannot but feel it to have been noble and splendid. In case a violent eruption of the volcano had occurred his perpetual vigilance would have saved thousands of lives. He had the most perfect instruments for measuring every seismic change in the fierce and mutable mountain. Its crater was familiar to him as some woodland spring to one of the *forestieri* of the levels below. For forty years he had kept up this superb sentinelship, powerless to control the awful energies crouched so near him, yet able, by sheer virility of intellect, to warn others of their explosive action. With courageous hand he stroked the mane of the lion, and with fearless look he gazed into the fiery yellow of its eyes. In an instant it might have stricken him dead, but still that instant would have been long enough to admonish others of its gathering wrath. He nearly lost his life, indeed, during the eruption of 1872, having remained in his observatory with the thermometer at 130 degrees Fahrenheit, while throngs fled for their lives from the villages that lie about Vesuvius and its sister peak, Somma. I wonder if they will not raise for him a monument near that big white villa where he lived so long and wrought such service, and which seems only a stone-throw from the "new crater," a long lurid gash in the side of the mountain. Surely if Palmieri's grave itself were there it would wear a most august appropriateness. Far more so, I should say, than the much talked of and queerly sensational entombment of Robert Louis Stevenson on the top of a Polynesian mountain which he had never ascended, and in a land wholly unconnected with his career as a teller of Scotch historical stories.

I saw the great, glaring, harlequin, theatrical bicycle procession on the upper West Boulevard, the other night, and marveled at one curious feature of it. I mean the young women who made night not hideous but bacchanal—for there seemed no other word. Whose daughters, whose sisters, whose wives were this legion, many costumed so recklessly that the tax levied upon feminine modesty seemed pitiful? They rode along pelted with all sorts of jeers from the serried ranks of ribald men and boys on either side. Some of their dresses were charmingly pretty, and some of their faces, even in that hard electric blaze, looked not only pretty but innocent as well. Surely they did not all belong to the footlights, and yet they were all facing a publicity of scrutiny to which our Metropolitan Opera House, packed from orchestra to dome, would have been tame. A firm believer in the use of the bicycle by women,

I nevertheless realized, that night, what a terribly unsexing agency it may become!

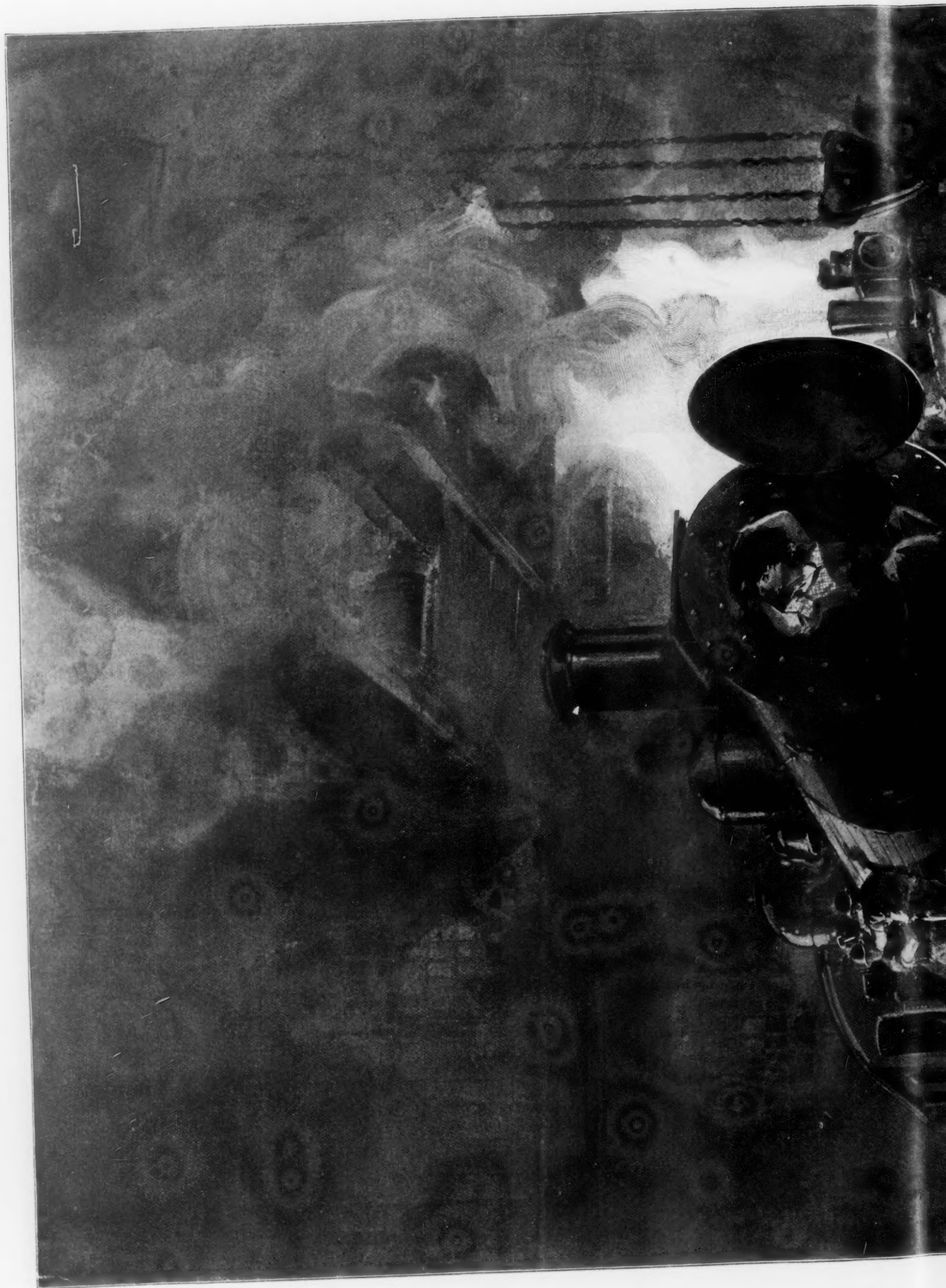
For a number of years certain people have been lauding to the skies Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." I crossed on the same steamer, not long ago, with a lady who told me it had become her chief religious support, and that in studying its pages she had grown convinced of how "shortsighted" were such rationalists as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Huxley and John Stuart Mill, notwithstanding their renown. This struck me as a trifle lavish and florid, but I had heard other eulogies equally so, and I resolved to read, at an early day, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It proved precisely what its title had long ago hinted it to be—one of those exasperating and insufferable books for which neither science nor theology has any definite niche. When will men like Dr. Drummond learn that in applying to religion the methods and systems of science they merely produce something which every sincere believer can afford to do without, and to which no scientist will give a moment of serious heed? I have never met an honestly religious person whose faith did not suffice. He needed no "proofs," and in a manner he resented them. And to such temperaments all books like this of Dr. Drummond's are an intrusion, not to say an impertinence. The devout and unbogoted worshiper admits that between faith and reason there is a gulf which no axiom or formula of deduction or induction can possibly bridge. To have his faith certified (even if this process were achievable) would be like taking the soil from a plant's root. If he knew, he would cease *simply* to believe, and thus to cease believing would rob his devotions of a rapture which had dowered them with their chief and essential charm. Religion is emotional, or it is nothing. Its main stimulus, as the wiser zealot will freely grant you, is in the soul. Now science has no concern whatever with the soul, for its existence is not a demonstrable fact, and science deals only with demonstrable facts. It is only the inconsistent Christian, the Christian half believer and half doubter, who wants to busy himself with books like "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." For there can be no law in any natural world of which any spiritual world may take cognizance. To employ the thought of Mr. Spencer, of Huxley, of Darwin, of John Stuart Mill and their followers, as elucidating forces on the subject of the Four Gospels or the Book of Revelations is to juggle with antitheses that no verbal dexterity can reconcile. Such tricky dialectics cannot serve any real purpose of conversion, if that be Dr. Drummond's aim. Passion, ecstasy, sentiment, self-effacement, prayer, are wardens of the temple, and entrance into it must be a voluntary surrender of all forensic challenge, all argument, synthesis, debate.

On the other hand, such books as this are to science perfectly meaningless. If they are ridiculous as well (which they are, beyond all doubt) science never informs us—or very rarely, and then only when pricked into some short, sharp rebuke. When one sees writers like Dr. Drummond producing works which are neither "fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring," one marvels why they do not solely busy themselves in that immense field of humane teaching—of charity, loving-kindness and universal brotherhood—to which Christianity bears so distinctly ethical a relation. Let them remember that their creed was founded on a stolid defiance of skepticism, and that skepticism is the air which science breeds, the very blood that feeds its life. Religion cannot endure as a house divided against itself. It must either stand because of its indomitable tenets or perish by seeking to borrow for its support the stanchions of "infidelity." Since thinkers like Dr. Drummond are confident it is imperishable, why should they stir up needless ferments by seeking to twist the *dicta* of its opponents into "corroborations"? For these they were not intended, and in the forced assumption of these they enact an almost ludicrous masquerade.

A REVIVED BABEL.

Smythe—"It's simply awful what discord a presidential campaign creates."

Tompkins—"Yes; that's due to the number of 'key-notes' in the various newspaper headlines."





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THE BIRTH OF A TITAN—CONSTRUCTING A HIGH-SPEED, COMPOUND, PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE AT THE BALDWIN WORKS.



X.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

WHEN I was a boy in college, thirty or more years ago, our ideas about gymnastics and athletics were as different from what they are now as a log raft is from an ocean greyhound.

There had been one or two races between Yale and Harvard—or Harvard and Yale, as we said then—and wondrous tales were told about the prodigies achieved by the Caspar Crowninshield crew, who, the rumor affirmed, ate raw meat, drank nothing at all, and ran ten miles uphill every morning before breakfast. It was the era of the Sayers-Heenan fight, and I suppose we thought that our methods of training ought to be modeled on that of those famous champions of the ring. Down in the long-legged shanty beside the river was the boat in which we swept to victory. It was a lapstreak, and was something of a burden for the giants who rowed in her to get into the water. But in those days, as I remember, the boats used to be lowered into the water by ropes; and when we returned from our rows, we had to haul her up again by the same ropes, after having ourselves climbed up hand over hand.

There were very few strong men in college in those times, and they were born strong. No one who had not natural strength ever thought of exercising. It is true that when I entered Harvard, our physical instructor, the mulatto, Molineux, used to go through the form of leading a gymnastic class; but it was a form only, and the lean-chested boys who, for a few weeks at the beginning of the year, stood in rows and went through evolutions with rods, soon wearied of the hollow monotony and gave it up. Meanwhile, there were half a dozen Achilles and Ajaxes with biceps swelling like dumplings and hard as the nether millstone, who performed every night such feats on the flying rings and the heavy dumb-bells as made our eyes start from our heads to behold. I shall never forget the first time I saw Bill Blaikie put up the ninety-eight-pound dumb-bell—not for the world would his conscientious soul have pretended that it weighed a hundred! Up it went, slowly, but surely! Then, Bill Poor or Ned Farnham would seize the rings, and in three swings would kick the bar hanging high up in the roof of the gymnasium. Fabulous were the deeds done by Jim Hoyt on the parallel bars. But by common consent, Horatio Curtis, of '65, was the strongest all-round man in college. His back could lift like a derrick, his arm smite like a pile-driver. Luckily he was a very good-natured man. But Professor Gurney told me that one evening, while he was sitting with the rest of the Faculty in the president's room in University, a brick crashed through the window and flew with such force that it struck the opposite wall over their heads, and fell shattered to the floor. With one accord the pallid sages murmured, "Horatio!" "Such blow," as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "no other hand might deal." It was only Horatio's kittenish fun; but as Gurney very truly observed, it was fortunate he put so much enthusiasm into it, otherwise he might have cracked somebody's head instead of the brick.

Then there was the man who thought nothing of getting up before dawn, and running twenty miles over hill and dale and back, and rubbed down in season to take his place decorously at prayers at 6.15 A.M. Imagine the breakfast he ate afterward! In fact, he could walk or run all day; but there was nothing of the Wefers about him—no one hundred yards in nine and three-quarters, or three hundred in thirty flat—nearly. His best mile was 4.40, but he measured forty-eight inches round the chest, and nothing could tire him. Walking was not much attended to until Weston made his trip to Chicago; that roused our ambition, and it was not long until three sturdy undergraduates traversed the distance from Boston to New York in three days. They contented them-

selves with four to five miles an hour; nothing was known or seen of that weird wriggle which goes under the honored name of walking nowadays. In our simplicity we would have said, "If you want to go a mile under seven minutes, why don't you run?"

It was during these roaring Sixties that Winship was lifting something near three thousand pounds, and a few of us emulated his example: it seemed to us a fine thing to be able to toss a two-hundred-pound man over a five-barred gate, even though one seldom finds occasion to perform that exploit. There were no boxers among us, of course, but they were of a school now no more—the school of Heenan, Morrissey, Mace, Sayers. They could hit a blow which would literally fell an ox; but I fancy they would but have served as chopping-blocks for such agile and loquacious little whippers as Fitzsimmons and Corbett. The pugilistic ideal now is to keep out of the way. Of football, as a science, with gridirons and umpires, we knew absolutely nothing; our notion was to kick the ball, and to knock each other down as often as possible. Oh, that day when we Freshmen licked the overweening Sophomores!

After this haphazard and gigantic manner were we strong and rejoicing in our strength. Not a few of us are living still, and not so much decayed from our mighty youth. Boys of seventeen now know more about the science and philosophy of hygiene and exercise than we so much as suspected the existence of. They are examined by professors, trained by professionals, and harried at every turn by coaches. Football and tennis try the brain almost as much as does the differential calculus. Women, too, have entered the ring, so to speak, and the bicycle is at once king and queen of the age. It is not too much to say that where one person exercised thirty years ago, a thousand do today. When I was down at the seashore last summer I remarked with surprise the number of young men who had arms and legs; some of them had chests too; and there were plenty of women worth looking at for other reasons than their facial beauty. Muscular development has become secularized. And yet, methinks, there is not a greater number of Horatio Curtises than when I was a boy; and I am often disposed to think that health is not proceeding *pari-passu* with strength; ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes are less frequent than tough muscles; and when our athletes are at rest, they lapse into slouching attitudes, as if a corset of vigor were lacking beneath all this panoply of force. St. Paul said that though one had all the other Christian virtues, and had not charity, he was nothing. So may it be said that, on the physical plane, though we have all the muscles of a Sandow, and have not vitality, we are as badly off as the sallow valetudinarian who never drew a breath below his collar-button, or saw a gymnasium's inside. We have acquired knowledge, certainly; but as Tennyson points out, knowledge may come where wisdom lingers; and I think that with all our apparatus and information we are still, practically, as little common-sensible as when the wielding of the one hundred and eighty-pound dumb-bell was regarded as the summum bonum of gymnastic achievement. Our modern gymnast knows the name and use of every muscle on his body, and can contract each one at will; but he is still under the delusion that the object of muscles is to enable him to do feats of strength or cleverness or endurance; and has never come in sight of the great truth that, in this age of peace and comfort and over-mentality, our muscles should be trained and applied, not to defeating one another at this or that game of skill or power, but first and above all to keeping our insides in the highest state of efficiency, and thereby accumulating a stock of vitality which may last us a hundred years or more.

The kingdom of health, as well as of heaven, oh my brethren, lies within and not outside of us. No doubt it is flattering to our self-esteem to have harder muscles than our neighbor, and to beat him at running and leaping; and we can generally succeed in these ambitions if we try hard enough; but think how much more expedient it is to be able to keep healthy and vigorous to the extremity of old age! If you are not impressed with that fact in your twenties, you will acknowledge it readily enough in your forties and fifties. Would you rather run a hundred yards in nine seconds now, or be able to run it in twenty seconds when you are a hundred? It is dollars to doughnuts that the man

does not exist who can ever hope to do both. In the first place, the nine-seconds man will probably be dead long before he reaches even the half-century milestone of his earthly career.

In the iron ages, when every man depended for his life and eating upon his ability to knock another man out, it was wise to exercise with a view to that contingency; it would have been foolish to work with an eye to old age, because, in the ordinary course of things, one would expect to die a violent death. And yet, when I contemplate one of these contemporary athletes, I seem to see a man who has spent his youth preparing himself to fight his way through a squad of clubbing policemen. Or else (and this most commonly) he is a specialist, and has manufactured himself to do one thing or class of things only; he is a runner, or a jumper, or a weight-thrower, or bicyclist, or tennis-crack. But these athletes are not athletes; they are deformities—monsters; physically regarded, they are machines constructed to make records. The end of them (too often literally the end) is to have their record set down in print. And what is the use? The same "records" were all made a hundred or a thousand years ago, and the best will never be bettered, though thousands may die attempting it.

Records never should be attempted at all, and when we attain sanity on these subjects, they never will be. A record ought always to be a pure accident, made by a man who did it without meaning to, and without either difficulty or subsequent ill effects. He is suffering from an excess of animal spirits some morning, we will suppose, and, purely out of natural exuberance, he jumps over a brook, and it afterward appears that the distance is twenty-three feet nine inches. He never did it before, and never looks to do it again; but when he did do it, he did it easily. It works him no harm; he lives the longer for it. How different is this from the case of the poor specialist, who was not designed by Nature to rival such a feat, but who makes up his mind, nevertheless, to accomplish it. He labors for years, strains his heart, ruins his digestion, consumes his vitality, and after all perhaps succeeds in covering no more than twenty-three feet six. A record, like brandy, is for heroes, and woe to those common mortals who presume to step in where heroes tread!

No: the first thing to do when we enter upon gymnastic or athletic practice, is to put all thought of muscles out of our minds. If we are to think consciously at all, let it be of our heart, lungs and liver. Let us strive to increase our interior capacity and activity of function, not to lay on plates and swathings of muscular tissue over our bones. Have a sound inside, and your outside will take care of itself, and of you also, so far as any need is likely to arise. The measurement of a man's chest, to be worth anything, ought to be taken not externally, but by deduction from his cubic contents. Any one may beget pad-dings of muscle around himself, and thereby weaken his heart and so constrict his ribs that he cannot breathe in air enough to cleanse his blood. Let him guard above all things the suppleness and elasticity of his joints, ligaments and muscles, and ever aim to arch out and expand the house in which his vital organs dwell. Let him value more a red cheek and a bright eye than a hard arm or a corded neck. Having the former, the others shall in due time and measure be his also.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LOGICAL PROOF.

THE prisoner shifted from one foot to the other as he stood facing the stern-looking justice.

His accuser was also in an excited condition as he related his grievance.

"Y' see jedge, it wuz loike dis," he explained graphically. "I wuz a-comin' down de Bullyyard when I sees dis here nig sittin' on de front stoop of a big brown-stone house. I sez to him jist fer a kid: 'Say, nig, duz you live here?' end he up and sez 'Yessir.' Den I told him dat he wuz chewin' de rag, or sumtin to dat effect, end he up and swats me. Dat's de hull ting, jedge—straight goods, too."

The court listened wearily to this detailed statement, and then addressed the negro assailant:

"Where do you live?"

"At numb'r fohty-seben Thompson Street, sah," replied he.

"Then you did tell a lie when you told this man that you lived at that house on the Boulevard, eh?"

"No, sah. No, indeedy, sah," answered the negro, at the same time showing a perfect chevaux-de-frise of glistening ivory. "I wuzent dead, sah; and as I wuz dar, I wuz liben. Now don't it stand to reason dat I wuz libin' dar?"

PERCIE W. HART.

THE SHINNECOCK ART SCHOOL.

BY J. R. C. HOYT.

BETWEEN the Peconic Bay and the ocean, out on the end of Long Island, is situated the summer art colony of Shinnecock. A quaint little village on the moors, surrounded by low-lying hills, glorious at this autumn time with the rival splendors of aster and golden rod, together with patches of dark red huckleberry bushes, with glimpses between the hills of the deep dark blue of the ocean.

A number of years ago these moors were the home of the "Shinnecoeks," the haunt of the red man. Now, however, they have all departed, and naught but the arrow heads lying in the sand and the Indian names on the map tell of a tale that is past. Who knows but that their spirits may look down with astonished disapproval from their "happy hunting ground," upon the usurpers of their place; a tribe that pitch umbrellas instead of tents, and in lieu of the tomahawk carry palette and brush. How should the ancient ghosts of the warriors and their squaws know that these are artists making famous forever the beauties of their land. The descendants of those aborigines are now confined to the Reservation, a large peninsula of arable land, stretching across Shinnecock Bay nearly to the ocean. They have become a mixed race, half Indian, half negro; the little swarthy papooses are as plentiful as the native blackberries, and, when wanted, pose as models in picturesque rags.

Four years ago Mrs. Kirke Porter of Pittsburg and Mrs. W. S. Hoyt of New York, with Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, who represented the English owners of the hills, formed a summer art school, and invited Mr. William M. Chase, the president of the Society of American Artists, to take charge of it, and he, seeing the possibilities of the place, climate and season, inaugurated the first "plein air" school in this country, following the methods of the French masters with his pupils, who, unless the weather prevents, paint entirely in the open. Mr. Chase's name and his well-known excellency as a master brought students from all over the country. Attracted by the idea of out of door study, they came from all directions—from Canada and the far West and the South.

For the first summer of the Art School, the criticisms took place in an old red farmhouse with gray shingled roof and open raftered rooms, which was rented for the purpose. In the second year a studio was built by Mrs. Porter and Mr. Parrish on a stretch of moorland near the village of Southampton, and donated by them to the school, and this formed the nucleus of the present Art Village.

In its protecting vicinity, amid the tall grasses and Michaelmas daisies, little cottages grew up with low roofs and open porches; around them were built tiny fences, and the vines climbed over the walls. On all this toy-like village the sun overhead and the fogs from the sea have set their mark, and from the thatched windmill in the center down to the smallest cottage under the lee of the studio's roof, it all looks as gray and weather-beaten as the hills themselves seen through the dim light of a misty day.

The life of the young artists who live in these tiny cottages is most interesting. Shielded from the world's comments and criticisms by virtue of their art, young girls here lead a life of independence that is quite unique; five or six generally taking a house together and obtaining their meals at the Porter cottage, so named in commemoration of the owner, Mrs. H. K. Porter, who built it for the use of the school. Very often they go out in parties of three or four to paint all day, taking their lunch with them. On these excursions the bicycle is often used as a means of locomotion, not only for themselves, but to carry everything that they may need during the day. The ingenuity of the artist is apt to be beyond that of the ordinary mortal: the artistic bicycle is supposed to carry paint-box, canvas, umbrella, stool and lunch. When they arrive at their destination they unstrap and produce all these things, but how this is managed is beyond an outsider's means of penetration.

The students, when they have chosen their spot, set up their umbrellas, which give the appearance at a distance of a crop of gigantic mushrooms, and settle themselves to work. They paint all day, and Nature, to reward her admirers, teaches them health as well as art, blowing away the memory of the hot city with her fresh ocean breezes, and tanning and rougeing white cheeks and noses. One or two young enthusiasts have even been seen trying to take notes of the moonlight by aid of dark lanterns, which look like fireflies in the gloaming, or sketching in the twilight effects of the creek near by. These attempts, however, are seldom shown at the criticism. Twice a week they have an evening sketch class in the studio, each one taking turns to pose as model for the rest. Some of these pen and ink drawings are very clever. There is a piano in the studio and some of the students are musically as well as artistically inclined. Sometimes impromptu entertainments, such as charades, etc., are given. These invariably bear the stamp of originality and are always a success; but as a rule, after working all-day in the open air, they retire early to get rested for the morrow.

The important day of the week is Monday. On that day the work for the past seven days is all brought to the studio and Mr. Chase's criticism begins. At about half-past ten the students come trooping in. There is as much diversity in their appearance as there is in their modes of painting. A number come toiling up from the neighboring farmhouses, their temporary abode, dragging behind them the little yellow dog-carts the children play with, packed full of canvases. The word "Express" blazoned on their sides has a dashing yet slightly quizzical appearance. Their owners wear, for daily use, large sunbonnets of various hues, sometimes the more masculine preferring immense farmer's hats, lined with green cheese cloth as a protection for the eyes. From Southampton appears some diletante, in a smart dog-cart, with a miserable groom behind holding a wet canvas gingerly at arms-length, endeavoring to keep it away from his whiplash breeches and at the same time not to be jolted out of the cart himself in the attempt.

One of the most interesting of the students is a farm-hand on a gentleman's farm, who drew such clever sketches on the fences and barn doors that his employer took an interest in him and sent him for a year's tuition to New York. He now may fairly be considered

one of the most promising young artists of Mr. Chase's class.

Another student, called "the genius" by his fellow artists, rows across the bay from the beach where he lives among the fishermen, sharing their meager fare, and painting large realistic pictures of these sturdy bread winners and the turbulent ocean, which, later on, when he has learned better drawing and technique, will be admirable.

In the studio the studies are lined up on the sides of a large arrangement shaped like an inverted roller, which is capable of holding on its shelves about two dozen canvases at a time on either side. The reverse side being arranged by Mr. Chase's man, while the opposite one is under inspection.

The studies vary. Good, bad and indifferent. Some startlingly impressionistic, some erring on the opposite side without any imagination whatever, others painstaking and finicky, the result of the copy-book or some provincial drawing-master and too much local praise.

"Let me beg of you," says Mr. Chase, "that whatever you do you shall not try and make a pretty picture. Believe me, it is detestable. Your worst enemy in true art, I say this in all respect, is your mother. I really think she is. When a student begins to paint with the idea of hanging that picture on the wall at home, we may say that his future from a truly artistic standpoint is at an end."

Lots of talent is seen in every embryo stage. Mr. Chase is a man to detect this. His perceptions are keen; he is an excellent artist; and, for his pupils still more, a most excellent master. The students are grouped around the studio; their faces display an absorbing interest. Some appear confident and encouraged, some look scared.

"Whose is this?" asks Mr. Chase. As a critic he tempers judgment with mercy to a great degree, but for a newcomer the first Monday morning is an ordeal.

"Mine, Mr. Chase," comes a whisper from some corner.

"Whose? Speak louder, please. How many have you? Five? Well I am really pleased not to have recognized your work. I will ask you to continue in the same manner. How much space and air there is in this sky. Ah, what an opportunity you had. Next? Yours, madam? This study does not succeed quite so well. Too spotty—stained. It does not exist. It is not substantial."

"But I painted just what I saw, Mr. Chase."

"My dear madam, all I can say is that if Nature looked like that the world would be a very unpleasant place to live in. If I were you I should try and forget all that I had previously done and start afresh. I really think I would. Whose are these? Yours. This is certainly better—I congratulate you. Your foreground stands out admirably. The figure is not quite in its place. In the second study I object to your lavender boats. It reminds me of the old farmer who came across the students in his fields. 'They're wrong in painting them fences lilac,' he said, 'cos I knows they's gray, I mixed the paint myself.'"

On Tuesday the entire class goes out to paint. At an early hour the stages appear in the village, and the blast of the driver's fog horn pierces the morn. Easels, students and canvases are packed within these vehicles, and they drive to some chosen spot, sometimes on the Peconic shore, sometimes at Canoe Place, the spot where the Indians were wont to drag their canoes from the bay to the south to that of the north, called by them "Neamaug," which means between the waters.

All day Mr. Chase wanders his way from one easel to another, criticising here, suggesting there. Sometimes he paints himself and the students watch him. Two or three of these studies have been given to the class; the individual possessor is chosen by the casting of lots. On rainy days, cold or windy, they keep to the studio and a model is chosen and posed. The logs are lighted in the immense fireplace, and their light dances over the pictures hung upon the walls; these present a kaleidoscope of color around the room. Each study worthy of the honor is placed upon the wall. At the end of the season those deemed especially good will be sent to the New York and Brooklyn exhibitions.

What effect will all this have on the development of the young native talent and genius? A happy one we hope. Already the works of the American painters have been widely seen and appreciated in foreign lands. To quote again from Mr. Chase, "There is no reason why this country should not have a splendid future in art."

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

A TRUE STORY.

BY JONAS JUTTON.

It was a chilly disagreeable day which forced my brother Fred and me to remain within doors—something we objected to very much, especially as it was Saturday and we wished to spend our holiday in the woods gathering grapes and nuts. Finally, we grew tired of playing and reading our books, and, leaving our playroom—we were too large to longer call it nursery—went to mother's room and began teasing her for a story.

"Well," she said, laying down her book, "I will tell you a story—a true one."

"On the last day of 1862 and the first and second of 1863 was fought the battle of Murfreesboro, between General Rosecrans, the Union general, with forty-seven thousand men and General Bragg, of Mexican fame, at the head of thirty-five thousand Confederates. This battle was one of the bloodiest of the war, there being about ten thousand Confederates and fifteen thousand Federals slain."

"About four miles south of Murfreesboro lived a family whom we will call Darley, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Darley and their daughter, Letty. The latter was eighteen years old, and was called pretty by those who knew her. Like most young ladies of her age she had a sweetheart whom she loved very dearly and to whom she had plighted her troth. This young man, whom we will call Ralph, though a beardless youth of nineteen, was one of General Bragg's most trusted scouts and spies."

"Ralph had a rival, named Ed Wyman, who loved

Letty and who had endeavored to win her affections; but her heart was given wholly to Ralph."

"On Christmas day before the great battle of Murfreesboro was fought Ralph secured leave of absence from his commander in order that he might eat Christmas dinner with Letty. True, he was anxious to see his sweetheart, but the Christmas dinner was also a strong inducement for him to make the visit, for a dinner of most any kind was appreciated by a soldier."

"Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and Ralph, mounting his horse, set out with a light happy heart for the home of the Darleys, about eight miles away, where he arrived without any mishap. A servant took charge of his horse, while he was met at the door by Letty and her mother and given a hearty welcome. Mr. Darley, who was also a Confederate soldier, was not there to greet him, he being with his regiment a hundred miles or more away."

"Though the soldier had many little secrets intended solely for the ears of Letty, he had much to tell the family concerning the war and the part he was taking in it."

"The day was passing very pleasantly to all, and the aroma from the rich viands cooking in the old-fashioned kitchen, twenty or thirty yards from the house, was making Ralph ravenously hungry; but all thoughts of dinner were driven from his mind by the sudden entrance of old Joe, one of the slaves, who, with eyes nearly starting from their sockets, and fear depicted on his honest black face, excitedly exclaimed:

"Oh, Lawd, help us, Mars Ralph! Hide yourself, quick, fur deys cumin'! Dere's a whole host ob Yankees cumin' down de road! Dey'll be here quick'n no time! I seen 'em fram de ob de hill. Hide yourself, Mars Ralph! Hide yourself, fur de lub ob Gawd!"

"All was now confusion. Merry laughter died away, and happy smiling faces gave place to those of anxiety and fear."

"Oh, where can we hide you?" cried Mrs. Darley.

"You can't run for it now," said Letty, "for I see them away down the road, and they could not help catching sight of you before you reached the woods. I have an idea," she exclaimed, running from the room, and returning almost instantly with a blush on her pretty face and a nightgown and cap in her hand."

"Here, Ralph, pull off your boots, quick, and throw them under the lounge. Hide your coat and vest between the bed and mattress, get into these and then into bed; turn your face to the wall, and I will pretend that you are my very sick mother. Hurry, hurry. They have reached the big gate, and some of them have started around to the rear of the house to intercept you should you endeavor to make your escape in that direction."

"Ralph lost no time in doing as he was directed, and Letty hurriedly drew a little table beside the bed, and picking up three or four bottles of medicine from the mantel placed them on it. Ralph had scarcely gotten into bed and Letty taken her seat beside it, when the door was pushed open and a number of soldiers burst into the room, having first placed guards on either side of the house to prevent any one from leaving it."

"Oh, sirs, what does this mean?" cried Letty, springing from her chair with well-feigned alarm and surprise. "Please, sir, for God's sake, do not frighten my darling mother, who is very low and may not live until morning! What do you wish? You shall have anything we possess if you will not frighten my dear sick mother. Oh, kind sirs, the least excitement might kill her."

"A deep, painful moan came from the capped head on the pillow."

"We have no desire, miss, to harm your mother," said the commander of the soldiers. "My men shall do nothing to excite her. Our business here is to capture a young spy who, so I was informed, is spending the day here."

"Oh, you doubtless mean Ralph," said Letty. "He was here, but left about half an hour ago."

"I do not blame you, miss, for trying to shield your sweetheart," smiled the officer; "but we will have to search the premises before believing your story; but I trust you will pardon me for doubting your word."

"Then search as much as you wish," replied the girl. "You will not be rewarded for your trouble."

"The soldiers looked into every nook and corner about the place; ran their bayonets into the dark recesses of the closets and cupboards and through the beds, but no spy did they capture."

"As the troopers mounted their horses to leave, the officer pleasantly said to Letty, who had come to the door:

"I suppose, miss, there is no use in asking you which direction your sweetheart has taken; but we may catch him yet. For your sake, though, I almost hope not; but war you know is war, and one cannot be a good soldier and have too much sentiment about him. However, I wish, sincerely, that your mother may speedily recover; and raising his hat he bowed politely and with his men rode off."

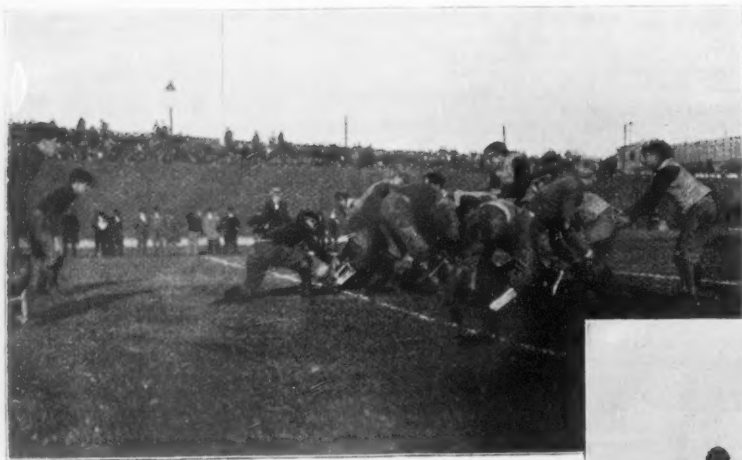
"When they were well out of sight of the house, Ralph arose, doffed his gown and cap, donned his vest, coat and boots, after which he kissed Letty right in the presence of her mother and called her the best, smartest and most thoughtful little woman in the world."

"I was almost as uneasy about that dinner as I was about myself," he laughed. "It would have been a terrible calamity if they had captured that dinner. That officer is a true gentleman, and I trust that it may never fall to my lot to do him injury. If they were as like him I wouldn't shoot at another Yankee—that is, if he wouldn't shoot at me."

"The soldiers would never have known of Ralph's presence at Mrs. Darley's but for Ed Wyman, who informed them in the hopes that Ralph would be captured and shot; and there is no doubt, children, your father would have shared the fate of all captured spies, but for that happy thought of your mother."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



YALE V. CARLISLE INDIANS ELY PASSING BALL BACK



CAPT. PIERCE CAPT. MURPHY REFEREE HICKOK

THE FAMOUS DECISION



YALE V. CARLISLE INDIANS MILL BEING PUSHED OVER THE LINE FOR YALES FIRST TOUCHDOWN



YALE V. CARLISLE INDIANS ROGERS GOING INTO THE LINE



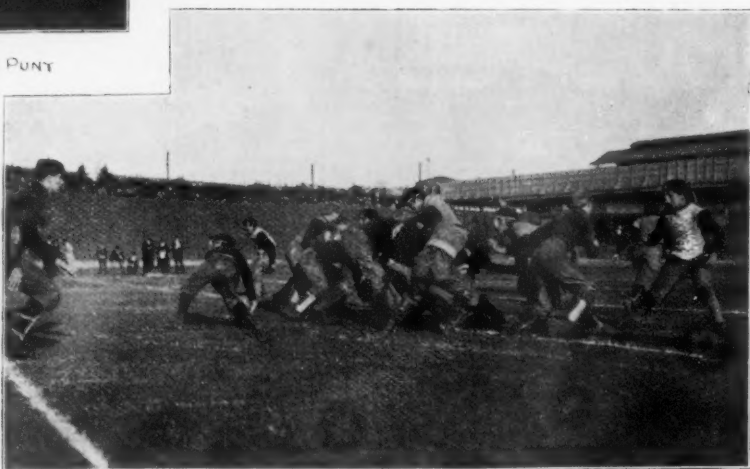
YALE V. CARLISLE INDIANS ELY PASSING BALL BACK FOR A PUNT



V. U OF VA.



V. U OF VA. FOURTH



YALE V. CARLISLE INDIANS ELY PASSING BALL BACK FOR A PUNT

FOOTBALL NOTES.

BY BURR M'INTOSH.

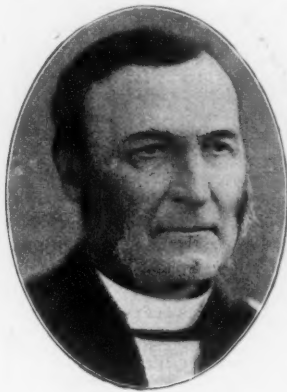
THE expected has happened. Nearly every football writer in the country has said the "unexpected;" but, had they made a close study of facts and form, instead of Saturday, October 24, being filled with the surprises which it was, the results of the Lafayette-Pennsylvania and the Yale-Carlisle Indian games would have caused no surprise. Pennsylvania had clearly been playing the weakest game in the past three and, possibly, four years. Lafayette had, on the contrary, been playing a steady, strong, sure game. Most of her crack players had been on the team for three years. I suppose the average critic should not have been expected to appreciate her full value; but, being interested in her success, I did, and many good dollars were made by friends who accepted advice. Last year Lafayette defeated Cornell and smothered Lehigh. This year, after years of patient nurturing by faculty, alumni, friends and her great ex-Princeton coach, Parke Davis, who deserves much of the praise, she has a better team than anybody dared hope for. It is not probable that as good a team will wear the maroon and white for years to come, and yet, why not? But this was the one year to do or die. Pennsylvania had for years been a foe to defeat whom was Lafayette's one desire. When the Princeton-Lafayette game ended with a score of 0-0, it took some time to fully realize the truth. For the first time in history an "outside" college had kept Princeton from scoring. In looking for the reason, the truth was only too apparent. That day Lafayette played every bit as strong a game as did Princeton. After the excitement had passed, the preparation for Pennsylvania began. Every man on the team knew what victory meant. If Lafayette won, she had a fair chance of being regarded the best team in the country. If Pennsylvania defeated Harvard and Princeton defeats Yale and Harvard—all of which will most likely happen—Lafayette may claim the championship of the country, or, at least, to divide the honors with Princeton. If anybody says that "nobody" expected Lafayette to win, that anybody should have been with the Lafayette team just one hour before the game was called. Lying upon a bed in a Philadelphia hotel, Cap-

of years was to be realized. He was to captain a Lafayette team, in whose conquering ability he firmly believed, against Pennsylvania. They were to break the hitherto impregnable stone wall and enter into the sacred precincts of the "big four." He played with his team on Thursday, the last hard practice game. The next day little Lafayette's three hundred men were startled with the information that their captain might not be able to play. It proved to be only too true. But when the team started for Philadelphia he left his bed and went with them. After examination the physicians said that he must not move, but must be operated upon in the morning for appendicitis. And so, one by one his team left for the battlefield with the memory of their captain as they last saw him, with the memory of the ringing words which had been spoken to them as they stood around their captain's bedside, with the knowledge of what victory meant to them. If any writer hereafter says that "nobody" expected Lafayette to win, it will be because he did not know the thoughts of every man on that Lafayette team.

The game was one which can truly be described as "rocky." There was a terrible amount of fumbling; in fact, more than in any game this year. Pennsylvania had absolutely none of the dash and sureness which has characterized her work in the past two years. She was loggy and heavy to a degree. The work of the quarterback and fullback deserves all of the censure which it has received. It was absolutely headless. On the other hand Lafayette was full of life and fight, but she made plenty of mistakes—enough to lose a dozen games. Even yet I can't realize just why Pennsylvania didn't score at least three times in the first half. She certainly seemed to have her opponents at her mercy. Every time they started that tandem through the line, they were bound to gain valuable ground. As executed, judging from the results, the quarterback punts were idiotic. What a tower of strength that man Rhinehart—clearly the best guard in the country—was. Every time the ball was punted, he was through and on to his man when the ball was caught. He never fell on his man there. He had a playful little way of taking him under the chin and twirling him back a few odd feet or yards before he downed him. And Barclay, called upon at the last moment to give all the signals and be responsible for most of the ground gained by running, how beauti-

but that the Indian team is the most popular in the country. And think of whom they play—Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, and, I believe, Lafayette, Cornell, West Point and Brown, as well as several others. No reports are ever sent out from them referring to broken ribs, strained tendons or any of the ailments which the flesh of other men is heir to. They know few tricks, they know little about kicking. They know just how to keep their temper, buck and run. From birth they have been taught to wait. A line in the "Sun's" description of the game illustrates this point. "Captain Murphy so far forgot himself once as to deliberately punch Hawley Pierce in the face because the Indian successfully blocked him. Later Murphy was helped off the field." No other big team will have more than two big games. Big man Injun will have five to any other big man's one. By the time the end of the season draws near, I will travel many miles to see the final Indian game. There is already some talk of a Thanksgiving Day game between Lafayette and the Indians. If it eventuates, it will be the game of the year. It will be a game for the public and a game for all college men who love a good hard-fought battle. And, best of all, it will restore our Thanksgiving Day game, the removing of which has robbed many thousands of an annual outing and congregating in New York which has made many heavy hearts. Saturday November 21 is not Thanksgiving Day.

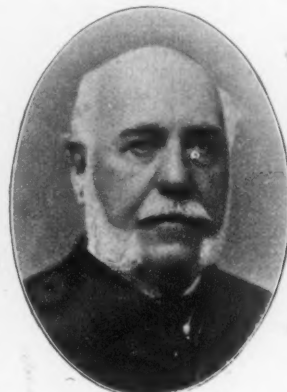
If those two teams meet that day, it will be the meeting of giants who are strong in merit, and the American football public will go to see these two teams who have risen by worth alone. Because of their unfortunate Yale experience, the Indians would be the idols of the populace, but Lafayette would never want for deserving applause. Mr. Hickok's decision was extremely unfortunate. No fairer gentleman sportsman than he ever donned a jacket. It was a momentary mistake which he sought to rectify. He should have been permitted to. Fair play and ultra squareness should be found best exemplified in our colleges. Captain Murphy should have allowed Mr. Hickok to rectify his error. The outcome has not redounded to Yale's credit. In the heat of argument and the face of defeat men will sometimes be desperate. There is no fairer man or better diplomat in football life than Captain Murphy, and I believe that he wishes to-day that the touchdown had been allowed.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

DR. FREDERICK TEMPLE, who has succeeded Dr. Benson as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, has had a singularly interesting life. He has encountered a series of obstacles which most men would have found insuperable. His father, an officer in the army, was unable to send him to any of the great public schools whose graduates monopolize most of the honors at the University, but was obliged to place him at the grammar school of Kiverton. This must have handicapped him at Balliol College, Oxford, whether he proceeded after leaving school; nevertheless, when he took his degree in 1842, at the age of twenty-one, he obtained that very rare distinction, a double first-class. During the next sixteen years the positions which he held were by no means eminent, and his prospects were scarcely bright. Not one of his contemporaries at that time could have guessed that in the Principal of the Training College near Twickenham, and in the inspector of schools—an office of comparatively small importance before the Forster act—they beheld the future Archbishop of Canterbury. When, too, in 1858, he was appointed head-master of Rugby school, it was inevitable that people would compare him with Dr. Thomas Arnold, the most illustrious head-master of our time. That he bore the comparison well, however, is clear from the fact that Arnold and Temple are coupled in the recollection of Rugbyans. At about this time he became Chaplain to the Queen, the path to preferment seemed at last open. But this he blocked in 1860 by writing one of the well known "Essays and Reviews," which, though they now seem tame enough, were much too latitudinarian for the mass of churchmen at that day, and consequently caused a furious controversy. For a number of years his friends found it impossible to do anything for Dr. Temple, and it was not until the death of Dr. Phillips, Bishop of Exeter, that Mr. Gladstone ventured to appoint his old friend to that see. The appointment provoked vehement resistance, and it required a decision of the Vicar-General in his favor, to enable Dr. Temple to take possession of his diocese. Thenceforward, however, all went well. In 1863 his long-disputed orthodoxy received the final seal of recognition when he was elected Hampton Lecturer at Oxford. Two years later he was promoted to the Bishopric of London, the greatest prize in the Church of England next to the two archbishoprics, and now, as we have seen, he has been called upon to succeed Dr. Benson, in the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

tain Walbridge gave his farewell instructions to his warriors. During the past fifteen years I have dwelt in the homes of mourners after many big games. I have seen hearts trampled in the dust of defeat so deeply that they never throbbed again in their old way. I have seen many pathetic scenes connected with college athletics, and, more especially, the most heartbreaking game of all—football; but never in the history of the game has there been an incident which called for the sympathy that this one did. For years "Bill" Walbridge has struggled with the team. Working side by side with Barclay, for three years, they had gained a reputation which many accorded them, of being the two best halfbacks in the country. This year he was the unanimous choice of the team for captain. His dream



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE comes from a middle-class family entirely unknown to history, but he is reasonably well-educated, and certainly may be described as a "well-groomed" man. His commanding figure, tall and straight, would never allow one to guess that he had seen the light of day so far back as 1828. But he did, and in Munich. He received his education in Paris, in Geneva, and at Marlborough College. At the age of twenty-four he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and joined the Oxford circuit. His career really began in Hong Kong, where, in 1865, he was appointed Attorney-General, and where he remained for six years. In 1874 he received the thanks of the Executive and Legislative Councils of Hong Kong for his services to the colony and was knighted by patent. This same year the appointment of Legal Assistant Under Secretary of State for the Colonies was conferred upon him. In 1882 Sir Julian accepted the post of Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Three years later, in recognition of his abilities, he received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He succeeded Lord Salisbury as British Minister at Washington in 1888, and in 1893 was raised to the rank of Ambassador to the United States.

fully he did his work. Very sensibly he went around the ends instead of the foolish, killing, "bucking the line," which is so popular with blind men. Jones at center played a wonderful game and did much of the valuable tackling. Worthington gave a great exhibition of reckless and sure tackling. In the first half, with the wind against him, Bray did some disastrous punting, but in the last half he redeemed himself. For a freshman, his tackling was very sure and daring. The entire team displayed the nerve and determination which they promised their captain they would.

While I wanted to see Lafayette win, there was a large tinge of regret in Pennsylvania's defeat. When one saw along the side lines the faces of the men who have worked for years, more unselfishly than any set of men in similar positions in the country, and with better business results, it was impossible to not fully appreciate just what defeat meant to Pennsylvania—especially because of her present attitude with Yale and Princeton—a possible undoing, in one brief hour, of the hard and telling work of years. But it will not result as disastrously as Pennsylvania's followers fear. The whole system will be broadened next year. The ill-feeling in Yale and Princeton has almost completely vanished, and next year will see proper adjustments, but no longer the "big four."

A number of excellent photographs of the Yale-Carlisle Indian game are presented this week. This game was quite as important in its way as the Lafayette-Princeton game. At this moment there is no question



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN who, with his American wife, has recently been with us, is to-day one of the most conspicuous personages in British public life; among his contemporaries there is not a statesman possessed of greater political virility. Mr. Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and belongs to a middle-class provincial family. He is not a University man, but having had a good school education, he entered early in life his father's firm of wood-screw makers at Birmingham. As soon as he got into politics he became noted for his advanced radical opinions and his ability as a speaker. In 1873 he was made Mayor of Birmingham, and was twice successively re-elected. From this borough he was sent to Parliament in 1874, and his large services to Birmingham will not soon be forgotten in the Midlands counties. Mr. Chamberlain subsequently served in the second Gladstone cabinet, but in 1886 he withdrew from the third cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, refusing to follow him in his Irish policy. The same year he was returned to Parliament as a Liberal-Unionist, and ever since been prominently in the public eye as the able, shaping leader of that strong party. In this, Lord Salisbury's third cabinet, he has consented to take office, and is the Secretary for the Colonies.

But it is an excellent object lesson—no man belonging to either side interested should referee, umpire, or hold the clock.

I pick Princeton to defeat Harvard next Saturday by a score very much resembling 21 to 6.

TRANSLATED.

The bridegroom ate her angel food
To please his youthful frau;
He was a common worldling, but
He is an angel now!

KATE FIELD once said there were three kinds of cleanliness—traditional, aesthetic and sanitary. Traditional methods, those which have been followed because mother did so; aesthetic, the kind whose *raison d'être* is to please the appetite; and sanitary, that which is regulated by the demands of health.

THAT variety of Indian pumelows known as shaddocks was taken to the West Indies about one hundred and fifty years ago by Captain Shaddock. Since that time the fruit has been known in that part of the world by this name, in compliment to the person who introduced it.

WOMEN teachers are greatly in the ascendant in Great Britain. While twenty years ago there were 11,616 male teachers to 14,901 female, last year the numbers were 26,270 men and 66,310 women.



THE LOVE OF A LITTLE MAID.

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

"Where dost thou go, little maid,
When the rain is falling down;
With a handkerchief o'er thy head
And a shortened homespun gown:
Where dost thou go, little maid?"

"I go for a stroll," she said,
"For 'tis weary a-work all day,
And the stars are bright o'erhead,
And the mistress far away;
And I go for a stroll," she said.

"Ah, 'tis well to stroll, little maid,
At the close of a weary day,
When the stars are bright o'erhead,
And the mistress far away,
'Tis well to stroll, little maid.

"But not when the rain falls down
All steady, unwavering;
'Tis wetting thy silken crown
Under its covering.
Turn thee again, little maid."

"Nay, nay," she, bashful, said,
"I will not turn again
When the stars are gay o'erhead,
Laughing behind the rain,
Laughing at me," she said.

"What hast thou there, little maid,
That thou canst not turn again,
Nestling beneath thy plaid,
Hid from the peering rain,
What hast thou there, little maid?"

"'Tis a line for my lad," she said,
"I go to the town to post.
Of the love of a little maid
Thou hast surely made the most.
Ask me no more," she said.

What a red and white little maid
Speeding so late to town,
With diamonds on her plaid
And pearls on her lashes brown!
"Ask me no more," she said.

So, perforce, I asked no more,
And she, lightsome, sped away;
But it seemed the stars watched o'er,
And the rain touched tenderly,
The love of a little maid.

HALLOW-EEN.

BY LALIA MITCHELL.

Above the level meadow lands
The winds blow soft and low,
While flitting clouds across the moon
Like giant phantoms go.
And in the wood the white owl calls
From out the oak-tree green:
"The midnight hour has mystic power,
For this is Hallow-eeen."

Then from the farmhouse old and gray
A dainty maider trips,
And Love has clasped her dimpled hand
And kissed her rosy lips.
Half frightened at the gruesome look
Of each familiar scene,
With magic art to prove his heart
She tries this Hallow-eeen.

Three times around the oaken tree
With trembling step she goes,
Then in her mirror looks to see
The face that well she knows,
With clustering curls as dark as night,
And bonny eyes I ween,
From out the glass he greets the lass
This happy Hallow-eeen.

And if a stalwart figure stands
Beneath the forest shade?
Or if the mirror fallen lies
Neglected by the maid?
The sage white owl will never tell
What joy these lovers glean,
When midnight's hour has mystic power,
This happy Hallow-eeen.

FROM NOW UNTIL SPRING

Overcoats and winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE event of the past week was the revival of Italian opera at the Academy of Music. The old house did not look as it used to in the old days. There were faces gone forever, there were memories that seemed entirely dispersed. In what used to be called the Drunkards Corner, the passageway which led to the Horse Shoe, and which at that time used to be packed with the smart young men about town, a few old men came, looked around and disappeared. Looked around perhaps as they were wont to do for Mrs. Paron Stevens who sat at the right, for the cameo profile of Miss Warren who sat at the left, for others that have vanished. A few of the former habitués returned, many of the newer element showed up, the house was bright and properly fashionable, and if you happened to be nearsighted and absent-minded, after the music began you could have fancied yourself back a good many years ago.

The prime donne and the tenors whom Colonel Mapleson has introduced to us are all new to this country and all good. De Anna, the baritone, has been heard here before. He is superexcellent and the greatest since Badali. Of the ladies of the troupe it is impossible to speak too highly. Mme. Bonaplate-Bau is a soprano of surpassing charm. Mme. Darclée is a coloratura singer whose voice is a caress to the ear, and if Mme. Parsi is not Scalchi it is because there has been but one Scalchi in this generation. The tenors are good. I wish I could say they are great but I can't, and even if I did you would not believe me, for presumably you are as well aware as I am that there are now but two tenors who possess a perfect register of voice—Tamagno and Musini. Tamagno was heard here a few seasons ago. He won't come again, Musini won't come at all. Both are better paid in South America than they could be here. But I shall have occasion to tell you more of the troupe later on. It is one which every lover of music is interested in, for the reason that it is probably the last that will be heard here, because it represents the old school in contradistinction to the new, because Italian opera is dying, knows that it is dying, and in this company is giving its ultimate song. It is worth while to listen if it be only for that.

Theatrically there are no novelties of note. Presently, however, there will be two. The first is Beerholm Tree's production of Gilbert Parker's play, "The Seats of the Mighty," which is to be given here within a fortnight, and the second is the promised appearance of May Yohe in "The Belle of Cairo," the new musical play now running at the Court Theater, London. May Yohe is a pretty little girl, who possessed at one time an upper register which was filled with surprises. She has lost it, however, and though she is very pretty still, her voice has got rather harsh and thin.

But that won't interfere with her success here in the least. People won't go to hear her sing but to see the future Duchess of Newcastle. For this little girl is the wife of Lord Francis Hope, a very handsome young chap who met her here, induced her to go abroad and married her for no other reason in the wide world than that he wanted to. The present Duke of Newcastle is the brother of Lord Francis. He has been an invalid since childhood and his death is but a question of time. When he does die this little girl will be England's fourth American duchess, and for that reason, if for none that is better, there will be Standing Room Only when she plays.

We are to become quite Parisian and wicked. In Paris, at several of the music halls, after the performance is over, there occurs what is called a bal champetre—though just why it is so called no one has ever been able to explain—a function at which hired dancers appear, kick pretty high, and in whose revelries those that are so minded join. This is notably the case at the Olympia. At the Olympia here the precedent is to be followed. There is nothing like living up to your name, is there? The winter garden of that resort, which last summer was the Roof Garden, is now inclosed in glass, steam-heated, decorated and generally prepared for fun. Well, all I can say is, if the fun that goes on there is as melancholy as that which goes on at the Olympia in Paris it won't continue over long.

But you shall know how it progresses.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE DIPLOMATIC GOWANUS.

THE crowd of commuters at the Agertown station were discussing the lately arrived family from various points of view.

"He never carries any parcels home," said Familyman, tragically.

"Not one of them has wanted to borrow anything, although I've had the garden-hose, step-ladder, meat-ax, and coal-shovel all cleaned up and ready," stated Neighborly, in a sort of I-know-you-won't-believe-me-but-it's-a-positive-fact tone of voice.

"And he is paying to have his ashes carted away, instead of putting them on the paths," cried Bighead; but at this sweeping statement the larger number merely looked incredulous.

The train came along, and most of the Agertown crowd filed into the smoking car and occupied all the remaining vacant seats, although only the Major and little Bjones really smoked.

Gowanus—the head of the family that formed the staple of the previously described conversation—clambered up the steps of the platform of the last car, just as the train was gaining headway, and, after looking into the smoker and noting its crowded condition, took a seat in one of the regular coaches and chewed his unlighted cigar viciously.

"Why do I prefer not to ride in a smoking car?" he repeated, in answer to the question of old Telleverything, who sat in the seat ahead of him.

"Yes, why?" again queried the walking newspaper of Agertown.

"Well, there are any number of reasons, for I've traveled about a good deal and kept my eyes open. Just one reason is that the smoker is always at one end of the train, and is therefore liable to be telescoped any minute. Was on a train once with the smoker at the rear end—freight train banged into it—every one in the

smoking car sliced up into plug cut—ground just covered with pipes, half-smoked cigars, silver matchboxes and tobaccopouches. This matchbox that I carry came from that wreck—and is a constant warning for me. But the folks in the regular coaches were never hurt a mite—scarcely felt the shock."

Old Telleverything glanced nervously around and clung tightly on to his seat.

"Another time," continued Gowanus, "was on train with smoker just behind the locomotive—cracked rail—locomotive and smoking car fell down embankment about four hundred feet high—rest of the train left standing upon the track—passengers frightened of course—but not hurt—not a particle. Give you a hundred similar experiences when we meet again, which will probably be very soon, unless you ride in the smoking car."

Old Telleverything saw most of the Agertowners at the club-house that evening, and on the next morn, and for many a one thereafter, Gowanus sat in state in the smoking car with his feet upon a vacant seat and a smile of sweet content upon his unsophisticated countenance.

PERCIE W. HART.

A SKETCH.

It is very interesting to note the fate of books. Merit seems to be the least important factor to be considered in forming a judgment of their reception on the market.

A book may be a literary gem, acknowledged critics may herald it and a reputable house may publish it to see it sink like lead. Students may discover it in musty stalls, but, "the pity of it," real book lovers are so few that they are not a satisfactory financial consideration.

It is not strange that the judgment of an author, who is perhaps a recluse, should often be wide of the mark, but that an able critic with his fingers on the pulse of the market should fail to estimate its possibilities shows the presence of the element of chance.

Who doubts that the success of "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, was an accident? The united efforts of those who overestimated its intrinsic worth and those who thought its tendency dangerous succeeded in giving it a phenomenal circulation. "David Grieve" is a much better piece of work, "Marcella" is infinitely superior, and yet it is exceedingly doubtful if either of them could have paved the way for "Robert Elsmere" as "Robert Elsmere" paved the way for them.

We are fond of jeering at "the great gullible public." Some one has facetiously compared it to a herd of sheep slavishly following the leap of a leader. Nevertheless, it takes a critic who is an artist to approximately gauge the scope and direction of that leap.

Before Robert Louis Stevenson sailed from San Francisco for the Islands, during a lull in popular favor, he was unable to dispose of some work that he had on hand at any figure. Now critics are jostling each other to do him honor. His best work was before the public at the time, his style was just as pure, his English just as strong and pleasing. He had proved himself the wonderful inimitable story-teller that critics tardily pronounce him now, and yet—"Such is Fame."

The biographies of literary people, the records of publishing houses, show startling statistics of mistakes made by thoroughly competent critics. There is yet to be discovered an absolutely sure test of whether a book will float or sink in the whirlpool of public opinion.

JANE E. PILCHER.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

He—"She looks the picture of health."

She—"Well, she ought to. She's painted by one of the old mistresses."

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ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

A MONUMENT in honor of Dante Alighieri, the great Florentine poet, author of the "Divina Commedia," was unveiled recently at Trent in the Austrian Tyrol. There were two addresses delivered, one from the president of the committee, Dr. Ianzl, and the other in reply was from the Syndic of the city, Signor Tambosi. The sculptor of the statue, Signor Zocchi, received an ovation.

Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, is now convalescent; he has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy of the archdiocese.

To amuse the members of the Pontifical Guards, the Pope has had a small theater built in the Belvedere Gardens of the Vatican. He has placed it under the direction of M. Arturo Durantini. Concerts and musical soirees have already been given with great success. It has not yet been decided whether or not women will be allowed to appear on the stage. But the Pope permits married men, specially invited, to bring their wives and daughters.

The civil marriage of the Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, and Princess Helene of Montenegro, third daughter of Prince Nicholas I., took place at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, the Marquess de Rudini, President of the Council, performed the ceremony of the civil marriage, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy, the bride's father, and the other members of the reigning family of Montenegro. The Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the ministers, etc., were also present. The bridal party then drove in open carriages to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, where the religious ceremony was celebrated by the court chaplain, Mgr. Aziona. A squadron of cuirassiers formed the escort of honor, the streets were decorated, and a few acclamations greeted the royal pair as they passed. After the religious service a dejeuner was served at the Quirinal palace. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Florence.

Queen Victoria made known to King Humbert that she would be represented by the Duke of Connaught at the marriage of the Prince of Naples. King Humbert replied, informing Her Majesty that the marriage would be strictly private. The same intimation was given to the Crown Princes of Denmark and Sweden, the Emperor of Germany, King of Greece, King of Roumania, King of Serbia and Prince Alfonso of Portugal, consequently they were not present at the marriage of the Prince of Naples and Princess Helene. King Humbert made a gift of twenty thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor on the occasion of the marriage, and ordered the Minister of the Household to make gifts on a similar scale to the other Italian cities, for the benefit of the poor during the marriage fêtes.

The marriage of the Prince of Naples aroused little enthusiasm among the Roman people. It fell flat emphatically. Quite a tame affair for a royal wedding. It is true the Prince is liked well enough personally, but the Italian nation is beaten by the humiliation inflicted on its soldiers by the Abyssinians, and the sad fate of the Italian prisoners in Menelik's country. Although France and Russia display much hostility against Italy, yet it is only what she deserves for her action in the Dark Continent.

The Czar's dowry to the Princess Helene is denied, and a feeling of relief was experienced when it became known that neither the Czar, Emperor William, nor any other of the European sovereigns would be present. The fact is Italian finance could hardly stand the enormous expense attendant on a visit from imperial and royal guests.

The Italian cruiser, "Cristoforo Colombo," with Prince Louis of Savoy on board, is at present in American waters, and was gayly decorated on Saturday in honor of the wedding of Prince Victor Emmanuel, Crown Prince of Italy, and Princess Helene. The band played national Italian airs, and Prince Louis invited all the friends whom he has met in Philadelphia to come on board and share in the festivities. Refreshments were served.

The "Roma" says the cession of Kassala is gazetted. Italy will be indemnified for the cost she incurred during her occupation of this Abyssinian stronghold.

A great number of Matabeles and four chiefs of the forest of Somabulan have made their submission to the English.

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, is to have another monument. "The Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, Bart., is to be commemorated by a copy of the famous Chantry bust, to be executed by John Hutchinson.

On the demand of Lord Salisbury the Chinese doctor, Sun Yat Sen, arrested for conspiracy against the reigning dynasty in the Celestial Empire, was set at liberty at 5 o'clock on Friday evening. Sir Halliday Macartney, counselor to the Chinese Embassy in London, visited the Foreign Office and declared Sun Yat Sen would be liberated on making certain promises in writing, which were immediately carried out. Sun Yat Sen is very learned, and as he was born in Hong Kong, a British colony, he claimed the protection of the flag and won his liberty.

The French Minister for Foreign Affairs gave a grand farewell reception at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, to the Calds of Tunis, Algeria, who formed part of the escort of honor for the Czar and Czarina. The Calds were decorated before leaving by the Minister in the name of the President. The cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed on Si Hassouma Djelloui, Caid of Mateur, the Cross of Chevalier of Agricultural merit to Si Sadoek Djelloui, Caid of Sfax, to Si Mahomed ben Khalifa, Caid of Zlass, and to the Caliph of Mateur. At the reception were also present General Allegro, Governor of Gabès; Si Mahomed el Azfouzi, President of the Municipality of Tunis, and the General of the Tunisian gendarmerie.

It has recently come to light that M. Burgstaller, one of the great artists of Bayreuth, began life as a butcher. Now, Madame Wagner has just discovered a blacksmith who has a splendid tenor voice.

A celebrated German tenor was once a coachman, and one of the greatest favorites at Covent Garden began his career as a Spanish innkeeper. It will be remembered that Dvorak's father was a carpenter, Mascagni's a baker, and Verdi's a chandler.

The Czar and Czarina are so pleased with their visit to Paris that they intend to return soon again. The second visit will be strictly incognito.

Switzerland is preparing for the general election of Members for the National Council. In fifty-two arrondissements there are six hundred and seventy thousand registered voters. There will be no struggle or excitement: the present members will retire voluntarily, and others will be appointed in their stead.

Violent snow storms have taken place in the north of Switzerland; several parts of the country have been inundated by the avalanches and floods which have broken over the lands.

Much regret is felt in Madrid on account of the death of General Pavia, Marquess de Noraliches, which occurred on Thursday.

The city of Kuroff, in Polish Russia, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Three thousand persons are left homeless.

Documents recently discovered in the royal archives, Berlin, prove that Emperor William II. is the sole owner in fee simple of the whole district of the city in which the royal palace is built. The city of Berlin claimed the property and served ejectment processes on many persons. This discovery put an end to these proceedings and gave a colossal fortune to the Emperor.

Madrid is greatly delighted by the offer of ten million francs from the Spanish colony in Buenos Ayres, South America, to the mother country, to defray the cost of building a new cruiser.

For the past eight years Emperor William of Germany believed himself the foremost monarch in the world. But since the coronation fêtes at Moscow he has fallen into the twilight of semi-obscure, and must henceforth play second fiddle in the European concert.

Emperor William has practiced music, poetry, painting, engraving, in turn, now he has taken up architecture and drawn up a design for a Protestant cathedral, of larger dimensions than St. Peter's in Rome. This edifice is to be erected in Berlin between the Avenue "Unter den Linden" and the royal palace.

The "Epoca" of Madrid denies the formation of a new cabinet, and adds that the ministry will continue the same line of policy as heretofore.

At the next meeting of the Swedish Diet, the government will ask the members to vote a credit of ten millions of crowns for the building of a warship and several more millions for cruisers and torpedo boats, besides six millions of crowns for strengthening the fortresses on the Gulf of Bothnia.

Li Hung Chang, Special Envoy of the Emperor of China, arrived at Peking on the 20th of October, on his return to the celestial empire, from his tour in Europe and the United States.

The meeting between the Czar and Emperor William at Darmstadt, the Czarina's old home, was most cordial. The visit of the Emperor lasted two hours. He will go to St. Petersburg next summer to visit his august relatives.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

The District Court of Appeals in Washington has rendered a decision upholding the Chinese Exclusion Act. The decision affirmed a finding of a lower court in the case of Chan Gun, a Chinaman who was arrested in that city, without a warrant, as a Chinese laborer subject to deportation under the act. Gun claimed that he had been a resident of the United States continuously since 1859, except when, in 1889, he shipped in Philadelphia as cook on an American registered vessel bound for Hong Kong. While in Hong Kong, he said, he visited his wife and child for a month or so and then returned to America. The Court of Appeals also declared that an order admitting the Chinaman to bail was erroneous and ordered it reversed, as under the Exclusion Act, pending the execution of an order of deportation, the Chinaman should remain in the custody of the marshal, without bail.

The entries for the New York Horse Show closed Saturday, October 17, with about twelve hundred entries, about one hundred less than last year. The prize list, however, shows an increase of three thousand dollars over last year, the total amount being thirty-three thousand dollars. Several novelties are promised, among them being a special prize for artillery horses, and another for horses and carts of the Street Cleaning Department. The contestants in the artillery class will be from the batteries of the First Brigade, N. G. N. Y.

There is a feud on between two factions of the professional musicians of this country. The American Federation of Musicians, the new national body formed at the recent convention in Indianapolis, is in open opposition to those organizations belonging to the old National League which did not send delegates to the convention. This opposition is directed especially against the Musical Mutual Protective Union, of New York. The leaders of the latter union, which includes among its members Walter Damrosch and other well known orchestra leaders, claim that it is composed of artists and does not need assistance from labor unions, as it is not a labor union in the generally accepted sense of the word. The Manhattan Musical Union, a rival New York society, claims that the formation of the new national body wipes out the old National League, while the Mutual Protective Union refuses to recognize the new federation.

The Right Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, was married recently in New York to Mrs. Evangeline Simpson, Bishop Potter officiating. The right reverend bridegroom is seventy-four years old while the bride is quite young. There were few present at the ceremony and its announcement caused considerable surprise to the bishop's friends. Bishop Whipple has been Bishop of Minnesota since 1859, and has done much work among the Indians. He speaks the languages of many tribes and is known among them as "Straight Tongue." He was instrumental in making the treaty with the Sioux by which the Black Hills were opened in 1876 to settlement by white people.

Columbus Delano, ex-Secretary of the Interior, died October 23 at his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. He was a native of Vermont, but his parents went West while he was quite young and settled in Mount Vernon. He studied law and entered politics, joining the Republican party on its organization. During the war he was Commissary-General of Ohio. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature and to Congress, and was Secretary of the Interior from 1870 to 1875.

Prince Hilko, the Russian Minister of Ways and Communication, accompanied by his son, has sailed for Europe. He declared before sailing that he was highly pleased and gratified at the warm hospitality shown him on his visit and spoke in warm terms of approval of the railroads and other industrial enterprises which he had inspected during his trip across the continent. Major Pangborn of Chicago accompanies the Prince. He was the expert of the World Transportation Congress of the Field Museum of Chicago, and has written books on the evolution of the railroads of the world. Prince Hilko, through Major Pangborn, said that he had placed an order for eighteen thousand

American railroad watches, which will be given to the employees of the Russian railroads. The railroad men are supplied with timepieces free of charge in the country of the Czar. There is little doubt, according to Major Pangborn, that in the course of time orders for various American railroad devices will be placed in this country by Prince Hilko, as he has expressed much admiration for many of the patents now in operation on the large railroads.

A curious feature of the present political campaign is the phenomenal demand for national flags that it has called forth. Every campaign produces more or less of a demand, but this year it has passed all records, except that of the campaign of 1876. The demand then was greater than it is now, and there were not enough on the market to satisfy it. In 1889, during the Washington inaugural centenary in New York, the demand was tremendous but not equal to that of this year.

HON. CHARLES F. CRISP.

THE HON. CHARLES F. CRISP, of Georgia, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, died in a sanitarium in Atlanta, Friday, October 23. He had long been ill of heart disease and had been under treatment for sixty days before his death. He was about to be elected United States Senator by the State Legislature. The serious nature of his illness and the probability of its ending fatally have long been known to his friends, so his death is no surprise.

Mr. Crisp was born in Sheffield, England, in 1845. His parents were Americans, and he was taken to Georgia the same year. He was educated there and served in the Confederate Army as a lieutenant. On leaving the army he studied law, and in 1877 was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, of the Southwestern Judicial District. He was elected to the office twice subsequently, and resigned to run for Congress. He spent several terms in that body.

In Congress, Judge Crisp served with distinction on the Elections Committee, and for six years had charge of the Democratic side of all important cases. He was recognized as one of the leaders of the Democratic party. He was regarded as a sagacious parliamentarian and a man of most equable temper. He was always foremost in the contests with Speaker Reed, and managed under the most exciting circumstances to retain his unruffled demeanor. He was elected Speaker of the House in the Fifty-second Congress after an exciting caucus. His chief opponent was Roger C. Mills of Texas.

Judge Crisp lived in Americus, Ga. His widow, who is a native of Ellaville, is the daughter of a wealthy planter. Two sons and two daughters made up the family.



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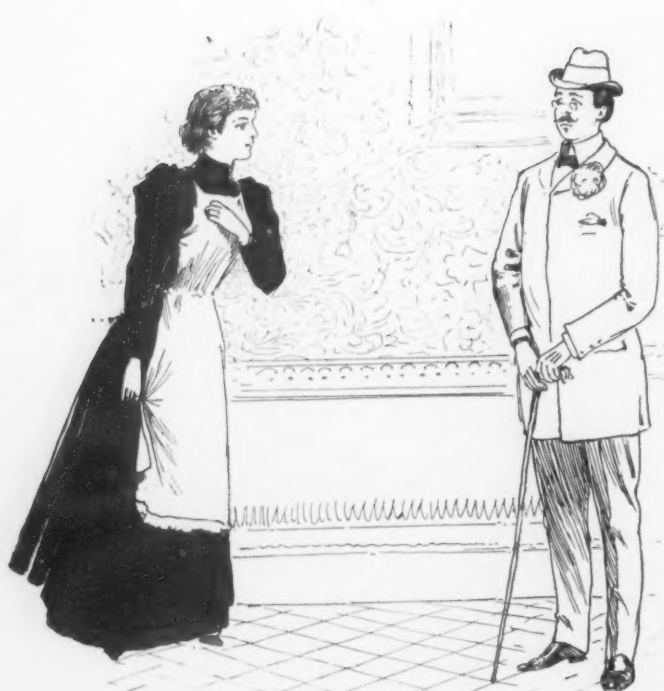
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THE LADY SUPERIOR.



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 INEXPERIENCED HOUSEMAID—"No, indeed, sir, I'll run straight upstairs now and tell her."

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